

# WORONI

October 27, 1997 • Volume 49 • Number 10 • Free

year of death

loud festival

canberra pubs



fluff 'n' stuff



**FUN·FOOD·DRINK  
FOR ALL!**

**anu: free**

**fri 31 oct 97**

**pollyanna**

**snout**

**mr blond**

**brit pop**

**funky, acid,  
afro, lounge**

**doors open 4:30pm**



**cover:**  
Exams shake up the ANU. *Woroni* in no way wishes to valorise the behaviour displayed on this cover.  
Photo: Jason Richardson

<p><b>can you hear this?</b></p> <p><b>13</b> The LOUD festival is just so hip and young, if it was a person it would have gone to Narrabundah College. JACKSON FELLOW find out what its all about.</p>	<p><b>year of death</b></p> <p><b>16</b> More celebrities have died this year than any other, and VINEGAR Tits just doesn't care. Join Tits in a retrospective look at the year of death.</p>	<p><b>press gang</b></p> <p><b>19</b> Find out how big the egos behind <i>Woroni</i> really are, as we strip off and toss on.</p>
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# WORONI

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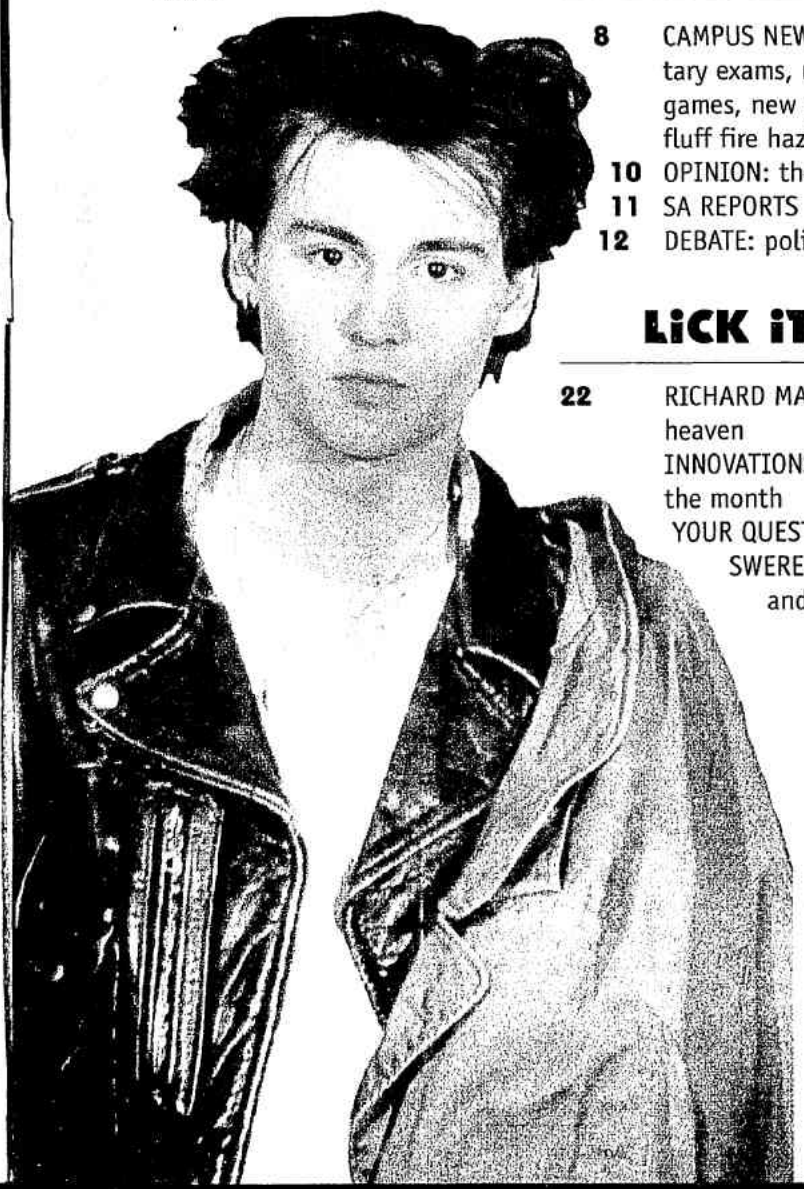
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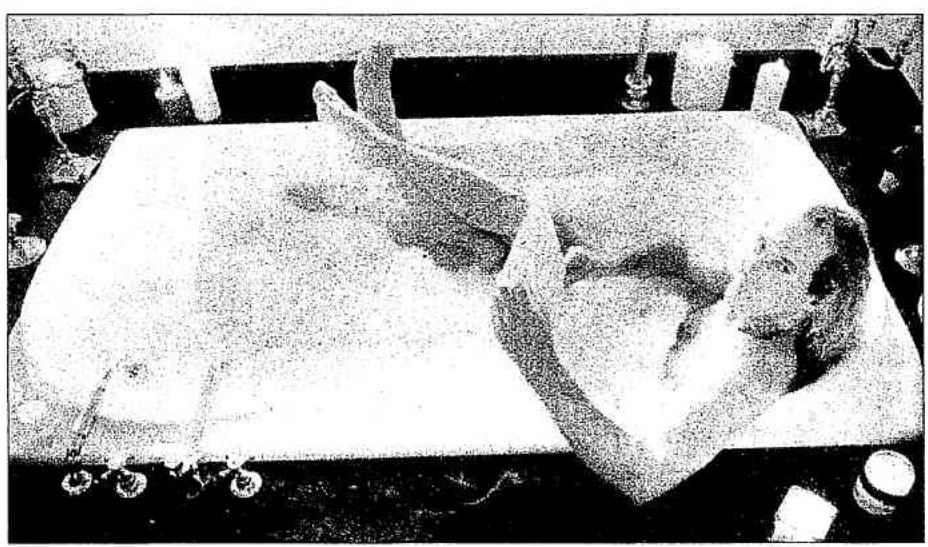
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(above) The Spice Girls are second only to 78 Saab in the frequency with which they have appeared in *Woroni* this year, p. 35

# FIRST UP I'll be alone, da

Monday  
20

OCTOBER

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28	29	30					23	24	25	26	27	28	29
							30						

293 72  
Familiarity breeds contempt — and children.  
— Mark Twain



1997

Calendar

- OCTOBER**
- 24 Teaching Period Ends, as if you didn't know
  - CADS presents *Passion Plays*, a collection of plays performed at C-Block, Gorman House Arts Centre 7.30pm
  - 30 The Whitlams, performing at Gypsy
  - 31 Oktoberfest with lots of bands, at the bar
- NOVEMBER**
- 1 Puttin on the Glitz, at Llewellyn Hall
  - 1 Amnesty International concert, at the Bar
  - till 1 Love Suicides, showing at the Street Theatre
  - till 1 Bitches from Hell, at the Currong Theatre, Gorman House
  - till 1 12th Melbourne Festival
  - 6 Exams start
  - 10-21 National Wine Show of Australia, at Exhibition Park, Mitchell
  - 25 Hoodo Gurus, on their last tour, at the bar
  - 27 Exams end, relax now
  - 28-30 FAI Rally, around Canberra
  - 29 Garema Place Street Party
- DECEMBER**
- 3 International Day of People with a Disability
  - 3 ANU Poets' Lunch, Old Canberra House
  - 14 Credit Union Of Canberra ANU Kids Christams Party, Old Canberra House, 12.30pm
  - 15 INXS, live on the Lose Your Head Tour, at the Royal Theatre
- JANUARY**
- 20-22 The Great China Circus, AIS Arena

## Celebrity Look-alike



(above) Brains masquerading as a waiter at the Gods and (inset) surrounded by the Traceys in happier days.

It is a little known fact that following his retirement from *Thunderbirds* owing to a swimming injury sustained when Thunderbird 2 was called out on an urgent rescue, Brains took up a position waiting tables at the ANU. We discovered him at the Gods' Cafe, where, with a knowing smile, he denied his former identity and, with jerky, puppet-like movements, proceeded to make us coffee. We took his photo anyway and for his trouble he can come and collect two free tickets to the Uni-bar concert of his choice. Hopefully celebrity lookalike has provided ANU students with new faith in the maxim that you can get something for nothing, and that the best way to achieve success is to trade in on a complete accident of birth.

## What's On In Canberra

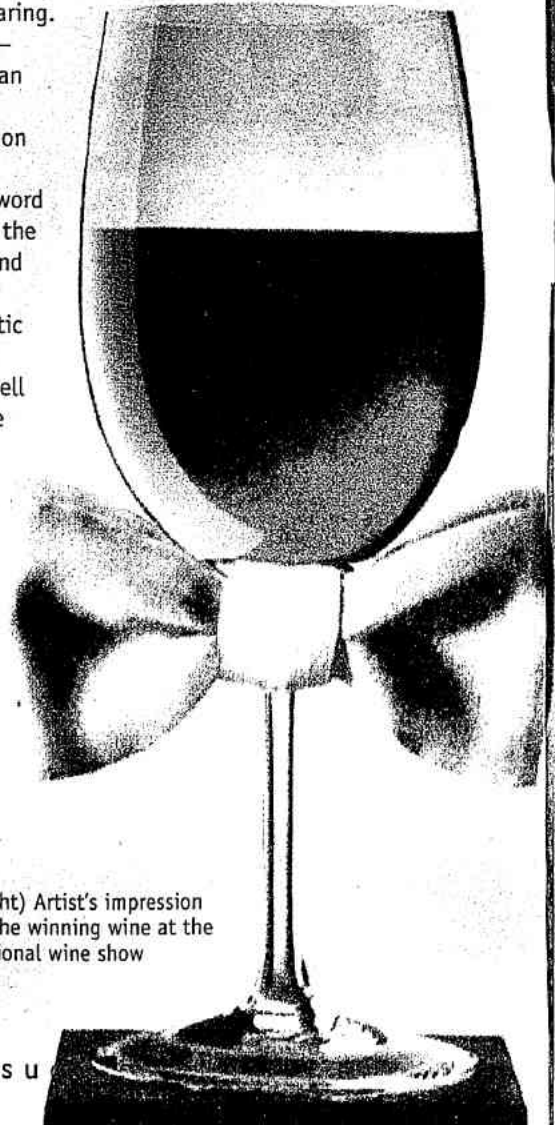
**PUTTIN ON THE GLITZ**  
Presented by the Gay and Lesbian Qwire 'Puttin on the Glitz' promises to be a fun night of glamour, glitz and singing. For one night only at Llewellyn Hall the show features the Sydney Gay and Lesbian Choir, Wollongong Gay and Lesbian Solidarity Quoir, as well as our own Canberra Gay and Lesbian Qwire, Massed Choir finale and a jazz band. What more could you possibly want? Tickets can be purchased by calling ANU Ticketing services on 6249 5491 or from any Qwire/Choir/Quoir members. Remember one show only, Saturday 1st of November, 8pm.

**BITCHES FROM HELL**  
Loitering with Intent, as part of the 1997 New Erektions fringe program, presents *Bitches From Hell*. Billed as a poignant pastiche of monologues and scenes about women of substance. Well — known local actors, Clara Witheridge and Liz Bradley, right the wronged in a delightful show that celebrates the fiery spirits of Lady Macbeth, Electra, Joan Collins and other famous 'bitches from hell'. The purpose of the New Erektions program is to develop independent activity, strengthen layers of work within the arts community, keep artists working together and to encourage the

use of Gorman House as a venue. So as you can guess the show is at Gorman House, in the Currong Theatre; Wednesday 29 October to Saturday 1 November at 8pm. Tickets are \$12 and \$8 and can be booked by calling 6247 4000. The stories are of gutsy women who have taken life into their own hands. Long live bitches from hell.

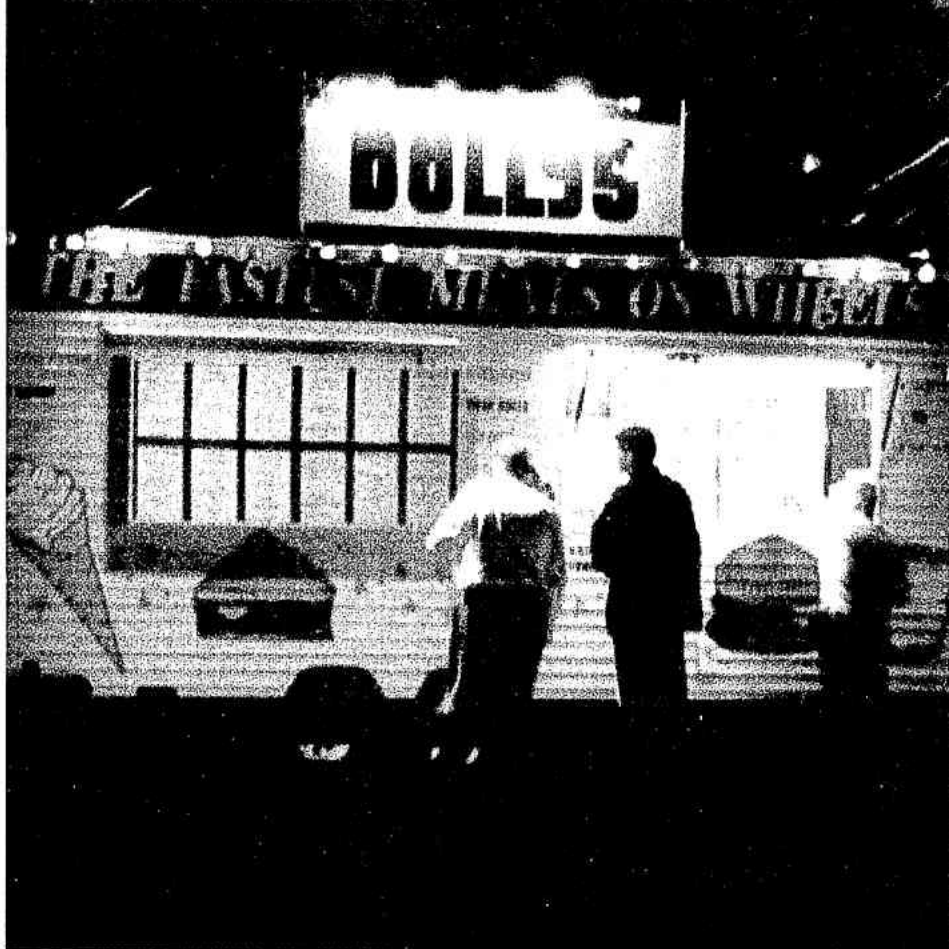
**LOVE SUICIDES**  
*Love Suicides* is the modern story of cheated love, moral crisis and passionate daring. Based on Chikamatsu — the Shakespeare of Japan — *Love Suicides* is a breathtakingly epic vision that blends puppetry, music and the written word across two cultures. In the tradition of *Antigone* and *Romeo & Juliet*, author John Romeril and Artistic Director of Company Skylark, Peter Wilson, tell a story of young people at odds with society. Alienated from the savagery of corporate business deals and the pressures of a wealthy marriage alliance, a pair of 'star crossed lovers' choose to reject a life which is not on their terms. This is a romance that spans two cities, her Osaka — where the

lovers first met — and his Perth — where, on a balmy evening in the scented gardens of Kings Park, they meet for the last time. It questions an age when the human capacity to love seems to be slipping away from us — when love, itself, suicides. Presented by Playbox Theatre and Company Skylark, the production combines the wizardry of puppetry with live action. Showing at the Street Theatre till the 1st of November,



(right) Artist's impression of the winning wine at the national wine show

## Woroni salutes



## Dolly's

Have you ever eaten Dolly's sober? Do not dismiss the suggestion, many have. It's not until then that you discover what to be at Dolly's truly means. You suddenly realise what the burgers taste like, the haunting, lingering quality of the jam donuts and how very long that guy's ponytail is.

Dolly's services a huge population and yet never seems to run out of food — how? And where did the famous sign advertising the wish that everyone should have garlic bread go? Who are the cab drivers who amuse themselves for hours at the Dolly's terminus? If I wanted garlic bread could I get it?

The answers to all the Dolly's questions lie strangely hidden within the cocoon that is the Van. Are we to read deep significance into that picture of Hamburgler and Grimace plastered to the back of the Van? Where does the power come from that lights up the coloured exterior of flashing brilliance? And finally who was Dolly and is it true, as rumoured, that she was in some way romantically linked to Fast Freddy? Who knows. We don't. There's mystery in that there caravan that we just don't want to trample on.

## WORONI

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### this issue's song lyrics:

"DON'T YOU FORGET ABOUT ME" PERFORMED BY SIMPLE MINDS  
woroni is the official publication of the australian national university students' association  
the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors, students' association or woroni staff.

deadline for first issue 1998:  
February 1



(above) The Whitlams play at Gypsy on 30 November. Hopefully they'll play that "No Aphrodisiac" song that Triple J play every five minutes

for tickets phone 6247 1223.

### THE GREAT CHINA CIRCUS

The Great China Circus is set to thrill Australian audiences in a dazzling 14-week, eight — city national tour, opening its Canberra season at the Canberra AIS Arena on Tuesday 20 Jan. Trapeze, clowns, acrobats, aerialists, balancers, contortionists and more; the best elite performers representing China's over 200 professional circus companies. As a celebration of this year's 25th Anniversary of Diplomatic

Relations between China and Australia, it will be the first time The Great China Circus has toured outside China. The Great China Circus is the greatest showcase of China's Circus acts ever assembled, performers from China have won countless international gold medals. Their unbelievable skill, breathtaking strength and flawless precision will keep Australian audiences on the edge of their seats. The touring party of more than 100 people, features over 20 different world — class acts and a 10 piece show band. Tickets

went on sale Monday 22 September, and the season runs from 20 to 22 of January. Cost is \$34 adult, \$25 student, child (up to 12) \$19.

### PASSION PLAYS

The Campus Amateur Dramatic Society presents "Passion Plays", a collection of short pieces encompassing themes of life, love and passion. Witness the campus' best actors doin' what they do best. To be performed at C Block theatre, Gorman House Arts Centre, Batman Street, Braddon on October 24 and 25,

7:30pm. Tickets at the door. \$4 students, \$5 full price.

### STREET PARTY

Did you know that Civic is changing? If you have wandered through lately you will have dodged the trucks and bob-cats, detoured past the hoardings, peeped through at the piles of dirt and strange machinery and watched with interest as paving, seats, bins and strange silver poster silos start sprouting. This is all part of the ACT Government's plan to revitalise the city centre and make these places something more vibrant and appealing for the range of Canberrans as well as interstate and international visitors. To kick it off a street party is being organised in Garema Place on Saturday 29 November. There will be music, street theatre, DJs from Heaven, fashion parades by Pretty on the Inside and stalls selling food and other goods. Come and be part of the atmosphere. For more information contact contact Julie on 6207 7490 or Marika on 2207 6606.

## Giveaway

Woroni has two double passes to give away for the Canberra season of Love Suicides at the Street Theatre. The tickets are for the night of 29 October only, and the show starts at 8pm. To win, simply come up to the Woroni office and tell us which was your favourite issue this year.

# LETTERS

inside and out • love's

## Denver's death: CIA plot?

Dear *Woroni*,

Your article on conspiracy theories, although quite interesting, failed to delve into conspiracy theories of conspiracy theories: why are we being overwhelmed by conspiracy theories in the nineties? One explanation is that aliens have actually landed, and are living among us. The media is simply softening us to the idea.

Another is that because of the halt of the cold war, the American government needs something else for ignorant Americans to be afraid of. Aliens have simply replaced Communists as the cause of most paranoia in the US.

My favourite explanation why there are so many conspiracy theories is that the CIA is using it as an excuse to quieten crackpot conspiracy theorists. For example, someone might allege that the CIA (or any other applicable organisation) "arrange for" John Denver's death because he was actually a super bionic man created to fight in the Vietnam war, who went tragically wrong when they put in a "country music chip". The CIA would then cover their tracks by putting out a statement saying that people who believe such crap have seen *MIB* too many times, or have an unhealthy fascination with the colour of Scully's undergarments.

—SAM UPRITCHARD

### Putting more nudity into print

Dear *Woroni*,

It was pure joy to see my "No Fat Chicks" photo adorn your cover and fascinating to read the reactions. As a result I've decided to self-indulgently explain my views.

By its nature, photography objectifies everyone but whether it's tasteful, sexist or provocative feminism relies upon a subjective viewer. The ironic text beneath a free-willed and slightly cherubic exhibitionist was a fluke that made the image exceptional. I would have squeezed the trigger if it had been a guy mooning the crowd. If he'd been standing on a car with a "No Arseholes" sticker it may have been as effective. Either way, my personal agenda is to put more nudity into print, because sex is overrated and sexual objectification is a basic human instinct. Unfortunately, its use here informs simple opinions of the Summernats and insults the dedicated automobile artisans who should be parking their cars in our nation's galleries.

Aside from this insignificant gripe, thanks for the pleasure of filling your covers.

—JASON RICHARDSON

PS Have you seen the current *Quirk*? Why does Matt Schmidt credit *Woroni* for Rob Soria's witty word play? Who is "*Woroni*'s Resident Faggot" and why haven't I read any of their work?

### Noodle scam

Dear *Woroni*,

I have always wondered about the pricing policy at the Asian Bistro, and have been alarmed by the fact that two people with exactly the same meals can be charged completely different prices. As far as I can make out, the pricing policy is loosely based on how hard the customer sucks up to whomever is on the register.

I, personally, prepare for an Asian Bistro meal by putting my hair in pig tails, practicing my biggest smile, and sucking in my stomach so that I look extra malnourished and needy. I've never paid more than \$4. Try it.

—A. ISLINGTON

### Brendan needs to check his personal baggage

Dear *Woroni*,

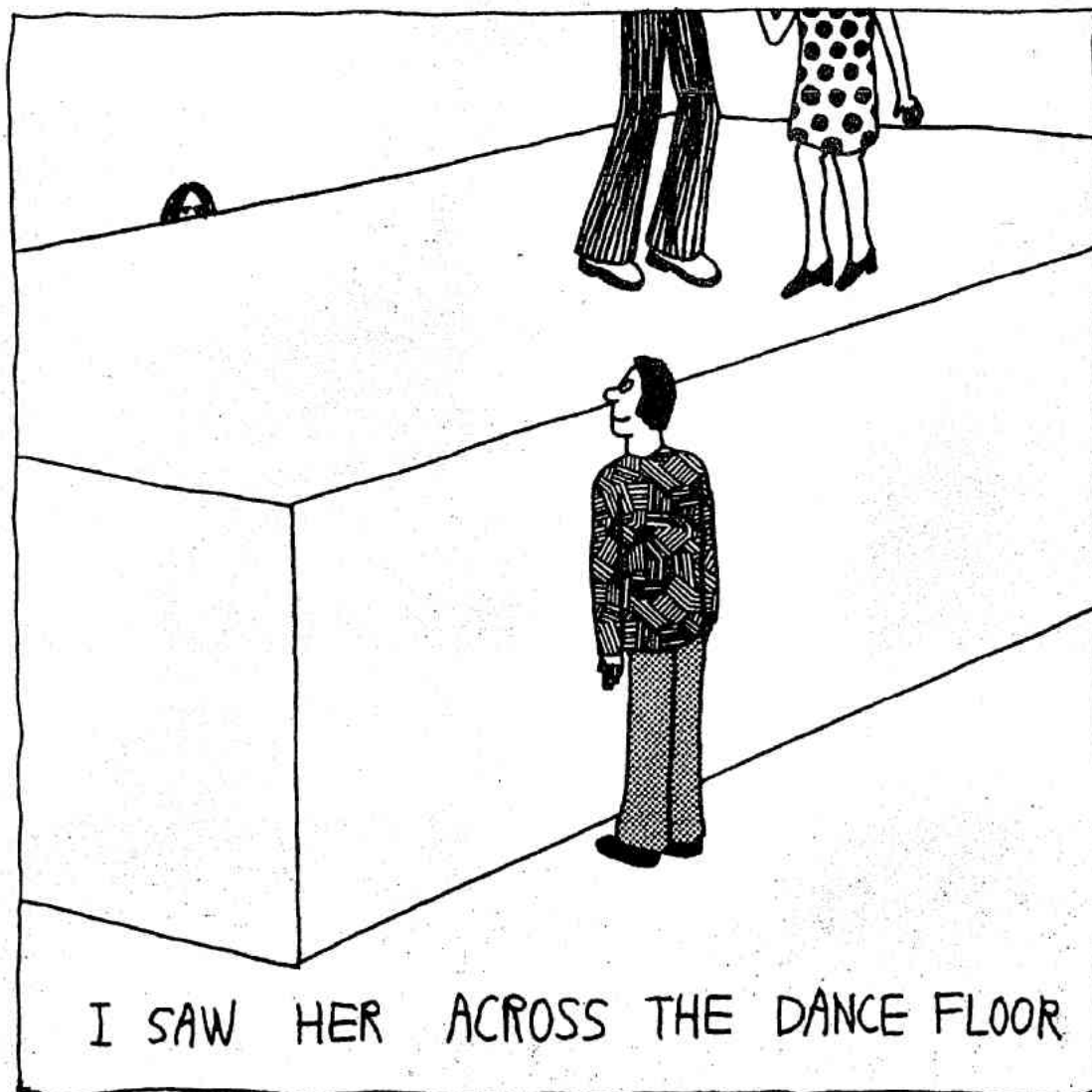
It is wonderful that there are people around like Brendan Shanahan that are able to provide objective commentary on Australian society, without it seeming to be nothing more than a retaliatory dig at those people that we attribute some of our previous bad experiences to. Not.

The lead article in your September edition had the potential to make some entertaining observations of a segment of Australian, and perhaps specifically Canberra (although I doubt it) society. Yet the author doesn't seem to have the ability to write in a non-condescending manner, seemingly as a way of dealing with some personal bad experiences.

Unfortunately, Brendan, not everyone has had the good fortune to have been raised in the same manner that you were. Unfortunately, some people grow up in a socio-economic environment that doesn't provide the same opportunities that you have had. The fact that you are writing an article for a university paper signals a lot. Your reference to Sydney's eastern suburbs private schools, and your disguised attempts at putting yourself on other levels through writing off your own suburb(s) says a lot more.

I too went to St. Edmund's. You have obviously forgotten, Brendan, that it was established by the Christian Brothers to educate the sons of those that couldn't afford anything else. Even now, students aren't turned away merely because they can't afford to pay. Many families with students at the school aren't able to afford the modest fees. The mission of the Christian Brothers is still alive and well. Too bad none of that rubbed off on you.

Check your personal baggage at the door next time, Brendan. Get in touch with some people that are out there trying to help certain people in our society deal with the many



social problems that are signalled by your callous observations. Then see if you're proud to sign your name to that sort of crap.

—TIM SCANLAN

### Three steps to a fine-free exam period

Dear *Woroni*,

I would just like to say that the library imposes ridiculous fines and all the women who work there are bitches. Here's a tip to rip them off if you have overdue books:

1. Give the books to a friend and get them to hide upstairs.
2. Tell the librarian that you brought your books back ages ago and she must have made a mistake.
3. When she starts to fight with you, your friend can bring the books down and try to take them out. The library staff member will then not be able to fine you.

Ha ha.

—DONNA BRODERICK

### Republican letter the work of opinionated wankers

Dear *Woroni*,

I have witnessed few acts so gutless as the 'Open letter to Heidi Zwar' (*Woroni* 49/9) in which a motley collection of failed student politicians and self-opinionated wankers (surely tautological) 'urge'

Heidi to submit to their own particularly naive vision of Australia's constitutional future.

Shock horror! Heidi might not share their excruciatingly poor designs for our constitution!

The authors of this open letter (the spineless love to hunt in packs) fail to realise that the 'majoritarian principle of representation' that underlines their letter is not only quite foreign to Australian politics but must surely undermine the authors' own 'progressive' values.

If representatives are compelled to regurgitate the (supposed) kneejerk reactions of a majority of their constituents, then surely representatives elsewhere should also follow the less attractive wishes of majorities — reinstatement of capital punishment, racially based immigration and national service spring to mind. Or is it the case that all majority wishes are equal but some are just more equal than others?

Leaving aside the intellectual

shallowness of the letter (how is one to define "majority youth opinion", by the way, and which republic do they speak of?), what is truly striking about this bitchy little piece is its pomposity. The fact is that only a minority of students gives any credence to the politics of the ANU (look at the voter turnout) or the whelps of these assorted opinion makers!

Surprisingly, not all young people in the ACT are students at ANU! Furthermore the indiscriminate use of wankerisms such as "truly consultative mechanism [with us]", "comprehensively canvass all [our] views" and "open dialogue [between us]" suggests that there is more than a little jealousy towards Heidi amongst the attention junkies!

While Republicans on Campus indulge in pompous acts rather than substantive debate their views will continue to be disregarded by ANU students and other Australians.

—CHRIS TAYLOR

### Want to fit some extra leisure reading in before the exams?

Come to the Second Hand Bookshop in the Students' Association, above the Uni bar. We're open Monday, Wednesday and Friday 10am to midday. The books are really quite cheap.



# ENROLMENT 1998

Information for all continuing coursework students

### PRE-ENROLMENT PACKS

Pre-enrolment packs for 1998 are available for collection from Student Administration in the Chancelry Annex. Students who are on an approved leave of absence will have the pack sent to their recorded mailing address.

The due date for return of the 1998 pre-enrolment forms is 7 November 1997.

This date is earlier than in previous years so that student unit choices may be considered during development of the 1998 lecture timetable. The timetable will be available on the web from the end of January 1998 at <http://www.anu.edu.au/timetable/>. Some printed copies will be available for reference at Faculty Offices and Student Administration.

### INFORMATION DAYS

To assist students with their 1998 enrolment faculty offices will be holding information days. These will be as follows:

Thursday	30 October 1997	9:30am - 6:00pm
Friday	31 October 1997	9:30am - 5:00pm

The location of these information sessions will be the Faculty Office, the foyer of the Faculty Office or an adjacent area.

### IMPORTANT DATES

30 & 31 October 1997

7 November 1997

9 January 1998

Information days for continuing students seeking advice on enrolment in 1998

Due date for return of 1998 enrolment forms

Due date for payment of General Services Fee and International Student Fee

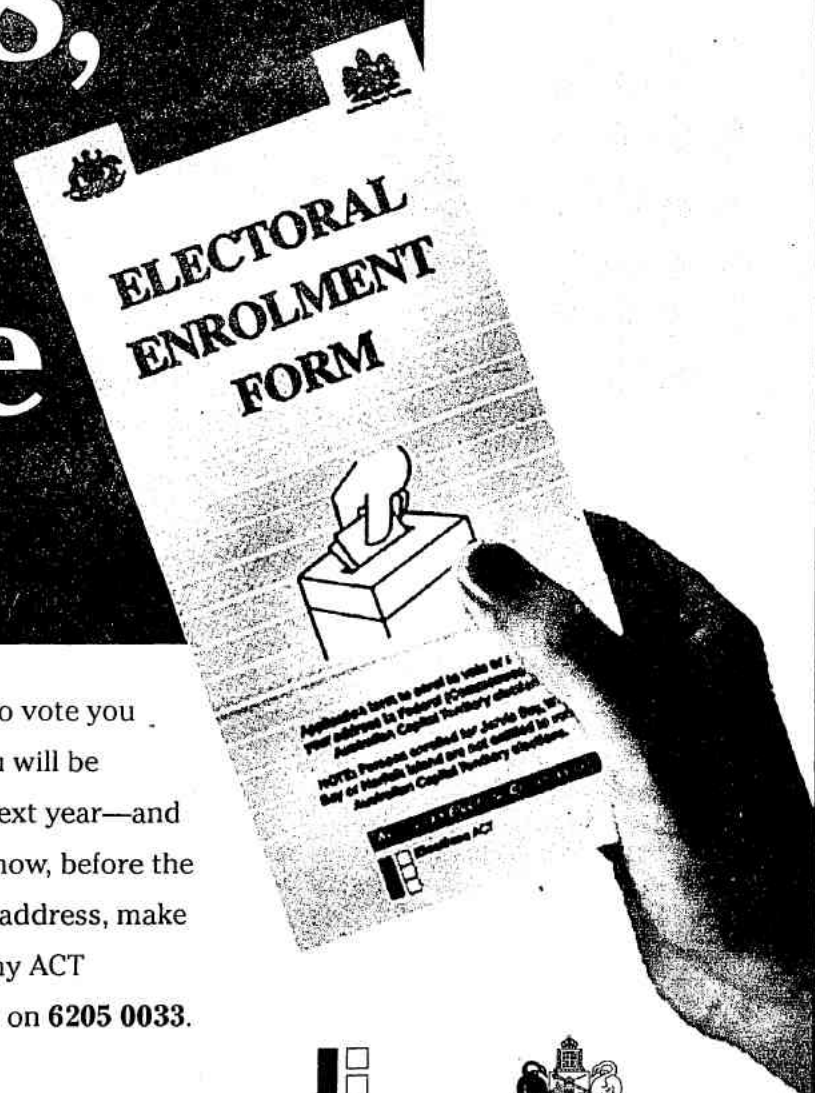
G.L. Hutchens  
Acting Academic Registrar

# PCtech

Your University Computer Shop



# Now you're 18, get your hands on one of these.



Once you turn eighteen, you're entitled to vote. In fact, voting is compulsory. But to vote you need to be on the electoral roll. If you're an Australian citizen living in the ACT, you will be required to vote in the election for the ACT Legislative Assembly on February 21 next year—and this means you need to be enrolled by January 23. Why not do something about it now, before the summer vacation? If you've just turned 18 or if you're not enrolled at your current address, make sure you pick up an enrolment form from your Post Office, an Electoral Office or any ACT Government Shopfront. Need more information? Call our Election Information Line on 6205 0033.

**It's all in your hands.** The ACT Election. Enrolments close January 23.

Authorised by Phillip Green, ACT Electoral Commission, 50 Allara Street, Canberra City.



6940

## Supplementary exam sabotage

by Michael Cook

ANU students will again face end-of-year examinations without the safety net of supplementary exams, after a concerted effort by some faculties to delay the scheme's introduction.

The supplementary exam system, designed by the Students Association to minimise unjust unit results, was originally accepted by the Board of the Faculties (BOTFAC) in May, 1996. This should have allowed ample time for the system to be in operation by the 1996 end-of-year exams. Now, more than 18 months after BOTFAC overwhelming accepted the plan (the vote was 74 in favour of supplementary exams, three opposed), little has been done by the University to implement the system.

Students' Association President Matt Tinning says the failure of the University to implement the plan has not been due to a lack of persistence by members of the SA. "We've continued to apply pressure to the university... At every Board of the Faculties meeting, which is attended by a large number of ANU academics, we remind the Board that the Supplementary Exam Resolution was passed, and ask what's being done about it."

The accepted proposal states that if you fail a course by five or less

marks, after being on a pass average before attempting the exam, you will be entitled to sit a supplementary exam. If you then receive an exam mark that gives you a pass for the unit, you will be awarded a pass grade. Each faculty would have the right to record the resulting grade as P(s), meaning 'needed supplementary exam to pass'. Similar systems operate in most Australian universities.

Students' Association President Matt Tinning is angered by the ANU's inability to implement the system, and suspects the delay may be caused by a number of unhappy people within the University. "There is a perception that some parties who lost the supplementary exams fight in 1996 have played a 'filibustering' role in 1997," said Mr Tinning.

"There were some specific details within the SA proposal that needed to be worked through, which those faculties basically seem to have said 'we're not prepared to think about'."

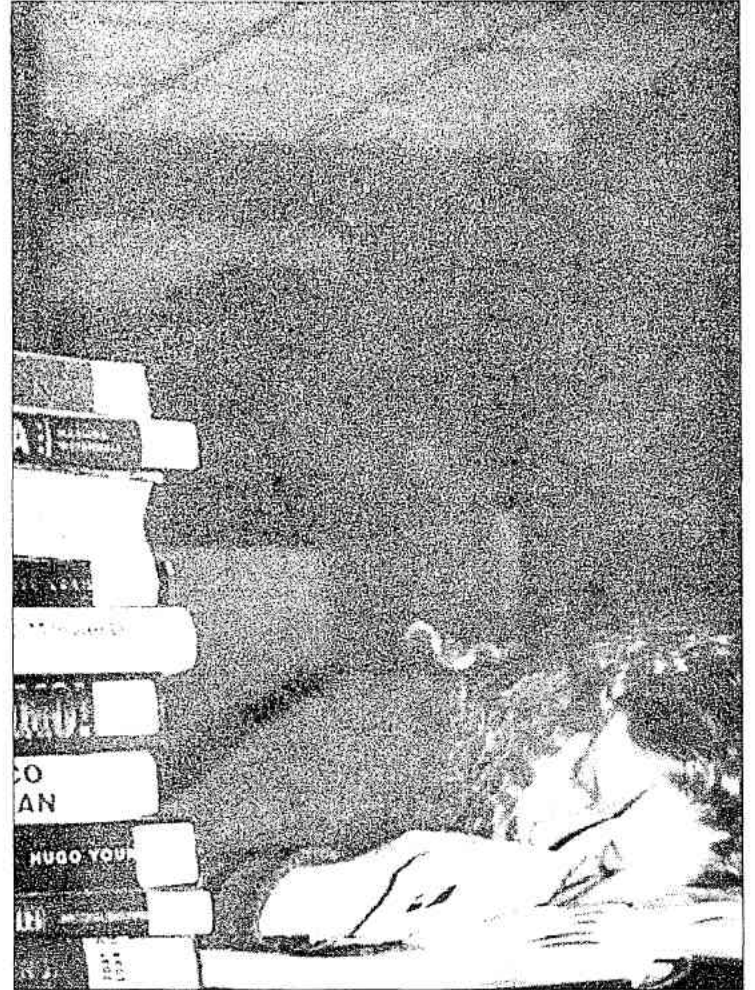
"What we've seen is a lack of goodwill by a small number, which has been very damaging to the relationship between the University and the students — and has greatly damaged the perception of how this University treats its students."

The SA President believes that certain faculties are treating their students with contempt, and are wasting precious resources by making students re-do a unit they should have passed. "The current system of each faculty having its own supplementary exam policy results in some faculties adopting a very constructive approach, whilst others take a very non-student-friendly, short-sighted, wasteful approach. They waste students' time, and a lot of their money, by making them do courses they could have passed, except for one bad day."

"This system is not giving students who are failing a pass — it is giving students a second chance to perform at a level required for a pass."

There appear to be very few logical reasons to object to the scheme, except ones of laziness on the part of certain academics, who would have to organise another round of testing each semester.

Whilst Mr Tinning readily concedes that the "vast majority" of academics go out of their way to help students, a small number appear able to stop students receiving the benefit of supplementary exams.



(above) The fluff is falling, exams are looming and the library seems like a good place to sleep. Unfortunately, this sleeping student will not be able to take a supplementary exam if she fails.

## Fluff — the firestarter

FIRES raged outside the Uni Bar last week as apathetic students looked on and did nothing. A small fire started in the vegetation near Sullivans Creek bridge, and quickly spread to the large bush at the gates of the Uni Bar.

Students sat drinking beer as the fire gained momentum and smoke drifted through the beer garden. Bar and security staff took five minutes to douse the flames, according to one eye witness. The fire brigade was called, but arrived just after the fire had been extinguished.

A student socialist was heard to comment at the Uni Bar, "this would make a great start to tomorrow's rally".

Another fire was seen outside the AD Hope Building. Dr Doug Kelly of Classics was forced to hurriedly move his bike to avoid the inferno. There have also been rumours of fires in Union Court, perhaps caused by pyromaniac students lighting flammable fluff. Students should be warned that casually thrown cigarette butts could result in disaster. Patrick Mackerras has since suggested that smoking outside should be banned altogether.

Students are fuming over the university's methods of dealing with the fluff that descends on the

ANU this time every year. Early each morning, Buildings and Grounds staff prowl the campus and blow the fluff into neat piles using expensive portable blowing equipment. This is not only pointless, but the noise from the machinery has been known to wake students in the colleges at unreasonable hours. Angry students can do nothing until the fluff season is over.

The fluff, which sneaks into every nook and cranny in the Union Building and sticks to the sugar donuts in the bakery, has been condemned as "dangerous" by SA President, Matt Tinning. Many students have been affected by irritating hayfever caused by fluff, and reports of fluff induced vomiting multiply daily.

One resident of Burgmann College, who asked not to be named, was overtaken by fluff induced nausea when she swallowed fluff in Union Court. Buildings and Grounds staff efficiently descended to blow the offending fluff away. They did not admit liability for the incident.

Woroni contends that students should not have to deal with fluff hazards in the stressful exam period, and is campaigning for a fluff ban.

—KATIE FRASER

## Chasing a convention spot

Two candidates standing for election as delegates to the Peoples Constitutional Convention which will be held in 1998 are from the ANU. Anne Witheford, an Arts/Law student, who is currently President of the Republicans on campus, is heading the ACT ticket of the Australian Republican Movement and John Moloney, an Emeritus Professor currently working in the Research School of Social Sciences is standing as an independent candidate.

The convention has been called by the Federal government to meet in February 1998. Delegates will decide whether Australia should become a republic, if so, what type of republic it should be, and at what time the transition from constitutional monarchy to republic should occur.

The Federal government has already appointed half of the total of 152 delegates who will be present at the meeting: ANU student Heidi Zwar was chosen as the ACT youth representative in this round of appointments. The other half of the delegates will be elected in a voluntary postal ballot operating between November 3 and December 9 of this year.

Anne Witheford is encouraging students to vote in the elections; "if young people feel strongly about

having an Australian Head of State, then they have to get out and vote for delegates to the constitution". She believes it is important to send representatives to the convention who reflect public opinion, as well as those appointed by the government.

Voting papers will be sent to the address at which a voter is enrolled on November 3 and voters have until November 14 to obtain papers if they haven't received them. Students living away from home and enrolled in an electorate outside Canberra will need to make arrangements to receive their voting papers if they wish to have a say in the election.

"Young people sometimes feel disempowered in political processes" said Witheford, "this is a chance for young people to be directly heard, to have their say and get involved."

There are two major tickets standing for election to the convention. The Australian Republican Movement is advocating a change to a minimalist republic which will see a President appointed by Federal Parliament. The other ticket, Australians for a Constitutional Monarchy, believe in maintaining our current system. Professor John Moloney is running as an independent candidate because he believes



(above) Anne Witheford believes becoming a republic is a logical step for Australia in the 21st century

that the appointment of a President by direct vote of the people is the best model for an Australian republic.

It is likely that as the head of Australian Republican Movement ticket in the ACT Anne Witheford will be elected to the convention. Polling of ACT voters has revealed that a majority are in favour of a republic, and she is heading the main republican ticket. Witheford is confident that the convention will achieve a consensus which favours a republic for Australia: "it is a natural and logical step for Australia to take in the twenty first century", she told Woroni.

—HELEN DREW



## Student athletes ravage Melbourne

JEFF Kennett's event-shopping escapades have brought some wild antics to Melbourne in recent years, but has any been bigger than the 1997 Australian University Games? Beginning on November 28th with a gala opening ceremony at the Melbourne Exhibition Centre, the week more than lived up to the Premier's vision of "an enjoyable mix of elite sport and camaraderie". In unusually balmy Melbourne weather, 242 competitors from ANU joined over 6,000 students in what veterans of past games have described as perhaps the greatest university games ever.

The success of the games may be attributed to the zeal with which the students followed Mr Kennett's sage advice to "take advantage of the... food and wine, entertainment, natural attraction or arts and culture" which Melbourne offers. Our athletes were able to enjoy the pleasures of riding the trams to sporting venues, spending idle moments on St Kilda Beach, and, at the end of the day, sharing a social drink with friends and foes alike at local venues such as the Metro and

Redheads. The Premier would also have been delighted to see so much Austudy money being betted on the tables at the luxurious Crown Casino.

Of course, the University Games are supposed to be primarily concerned with sport, and in this regard numerous ANU athletes enjoyed success in their respective competitions. Of these, the most notable was Nicole Myszka, who won 2 gold and 2 bronze medals in athletics. In Tae Kwon Do, John Austin won gold, and Edgar Jiminez and Ben Salvage both picked up silver medals. The Men's Volleyball Team won silver, losing their only game in the final, whilst in Teams Sailing ANU won the bronze. In addition, many athletes in a variety of sports were selected in Australian University Teams.

However, success at the University games is not measured solely by the results shown on the scoreboard. Notable achievements during the week included the ANU Soccer player who spent the last night of the week in gaol for drunk and disorderly conduct; the ANU



(above) Jill Caldwell of the ANU touch football team scores a classy try during a game in Melbourne; it was later controversially disallowed.

Touch Club President's early departure from competition after he dived over the wrong line to score a try and proceeded to break his collarbone; the ANU swimmers who missed the first two days of competition because they had drunk a little too much alcohol on the preceding nights; and the students from an unidentified and presumably non-Victorian University who

used flour to write nasty anti-Victorian slogans on a hockey field.

The success of the Australian University Games this year is perhaps best summed up by Jonesy, a member of the ANU Australian Rules side, who was recently heard to say at Dickson Woollies: "Greatest week of my life — I'm thinking of getting a tattoo."

—JOHN BREUSCH

## MBA program 'bankrupt'

THE ANU's controversial Managing Business in Asia Program, which drew millions of dollars from the University's budget to begin operation, is now — according to some sources — facing imminent bankruptcy. Much of the program's losses have been blamed on the extensive refurbishment (at great cost) of Sylvia Curley House, which was promptly 'imploded' along with the Royal Canberra Hospital.

It was recently reported in *The Canberra Times* that "by some measures", the program "is already bankrupt". The MBA reportedly acknowledged "that it had blown the \$2 million seed money with which it was set up... and requested another \$2 million [from the ANU]". This was disclosed after an ANU Council meeting was cancelled, apparently so Vice-Chancellor Deane Terrell could avoid questions on the issue.

Criticised for appearing to divert money away from the University's core responsibilities of teaching and research, the MBA Program is apparently remaining afloat due to generous loans from ANU Administration. Many students and staff have questioned the need for such a programme when the University is 'so poor' it cannot continue to fund a Classics Department.

Dr Doug Kelly, ANU President of the NTEU, queries the ANU Administration's ability to find money for the program when other areas of the University are having their budgets slashed. "The NTEU has

made the point, on a number of occasions, that a large amount of money has been spent on the MBA, and that although this program was introduced as a money-making venture it continues to operate at a loss."

"It does seem to lead a somewhat charmed life," commented Dr Kelly. "One could say there is a special financial policy that applies to the MBA and to nothing else... The MBA is not making money, and I believe they would have to double their number of students, and maintain that number over a long time, for them to pay off their debts."

Director of the Program, Professor Mark Dodgson, whilst unavailable for comment on the recent allegations, had earlier defended the program. In a letter to the *ANU Reporter*, Dodgson argued that the program's finances are "within budget". "As is always the case for start-up programs such as ours, it is impossible to break even and to generate surpluses immediately," he wrote. "I see it as being fundamental to the aims of the Program that it operates on a full cost recovery basis as soon as possible." Dodgson said he was "sympathetic to all members of ANU staff who are affected by the Government's cuts to higher education... and believe that the NTEU's energies should be directed at the Government, not at colleagues whose objective is to bring additional academic kudos and new sources of funds into the University."

—MICHAEL COOK

## Sports union changes

THE ANU Sports Union has employed a new and relatively young Executive Officer in a move that appears to signal a departure from the staid traditions of the organisation. Grant Cole has been engaged for a three year term to replace Ross Jones in the Sports Union's top job, and comes to the position with experience as an employee of the Sports Union at the University of New England. In his first few weeks in the job Cole seems to have been well received, with active members of the Sports Union welcoming his consultative style and his preparedness to consider suggestions for change.

However, Cole appears to face real challenges in re-invigorating a Sports Union that some believe has in recent times begun to lose momentum. One Club President observed that "stability has always been a strength of the Union", but went on to remark that, "when you hang on to the same President for twenty years, the same Executive Officer for more than ten, and never

get any fresh blood onto [Sports] Council, then you're going to run out of steam sooner or later — and we have".

Grant Cole will also have to address concerns that the Union no longer has the interests of students as its primary goal. Although almost half of the Sports Union's income is derived directly from the General Services Fee (over half a million dollars), just 2 of the 10 elected members of Sports Council are students.

However, Students' Association President Matt Tinning says he has been encouraged by the new Executive Officer's approach in this regard, suggesting that a recent sports shop sale was marketed to students "with an evangelism which was both welcome and unprecedented". Tinning intends to speak in favour of a constitutional amendment at a general meeting this week which would see a majority of seats on the Sports Council reserved for students.

—MICHAEL REID

## Arts campaign continues

A NEW web site has been set up providing information about the ongoing fight to save the Arts Faculty from staff and funding cuts. The web site has details of the ongoing campaigns, some of the history of the struggle to save the Arts Faculty to date, and links to the NTEU webpage. The pages can be found at <http://www.anu.edu.au/~s9652365/cuts.htm>

Students are engaged in campaigns to pressure the VC to adopt measures favourable to the Arts Faculty. A combined student and NTEU rally was held on October 23. PARSAs and the SA have completed a mail out to Arts alumni asking them to write to Professor Deane Terrell to emphasise to him the importance of the Arts Faculty in the intellectual life of the ANU.

## bits in brief

### LOUD newspaper awards

*Woroni* editor-in-chief Stephen Rebikoff has organised the first National Student Newspaper awards which will be held as part of the LOUD festival during January next year. The competition is open to student newspapers at all 37 universities in Australia and will judge who has the most outstanding talents on Australian campuses when it comes to writing, image making and design. There will be prizes for the best cover, images, articles and best student newspaper overall.

Rebikoff said "I hope that lots of student newspapers enter the competition. Although *Woroni* is undoubtedly the best, we need to give the other universities a chance to enter to give the competition some legitimacy." Fortunately there will be an independent judging panel composed of Phillip Adams (Radio National and *the Australian*), Kathy Bail (formerly of *Rolling Stone*, now *HQ* editor), Mark Davis (author of *Gangland*) and Chris McCloud (Australian Press Council).

### New director for the School of Music

Conductor Nicolette Fraillon will be the new director of the Canberra School of Music from June next year. Ms Fraillon is currently working as Musical Director of the National Ballet of the Netherlands, and is a music graduate of the University of Melbourne. She will replace the current Director, Professor William Hawkey. Vice Chancellor Deane Terrell said the ANU was very pleased that a young, talented Australian would return from Europe to take up leadership of the School of Music.

### RMIT to impose upfront fees

An overwhelming vote against the imposition of fees at RMIT has been ignored by the university council. The plebiscite, which was obtained by the students of RMIT after their occupation of the chancellery building last month, resulted in 10,000 students (80% of the respondents) voting against the fees. However the University Council has decided to go ahead and introduce the fees anyway.

# Woroni

## student comment

Ashley Wells  
republicans on campus

### That craaazy constitutional convention

It's crunch time to tell the Howard Government we want an Australian citizen as our Head of State. With the Constitutional Convention looming, to take place in February 1998, there will be an election for delegates to the Convention between 3 November and 9 December this year.

This election will be in the form of a voluntary postal ballot which will be posted to every voter in the first two weeks of November and which must be posted to the return address (free postage) by 9 December. In the ACT two positions are to be contested by popular vote. The Australian Republican Movement (ARM) will contest both with the ANU's Republicans on Campus President, Anne Witheford, heading the ARM ticket as the number one candidate. To ensure that young people in the ACT have at least one pro-republican delegate at the Convention representing majority youth opinion, it is vital that she receives your vote.

The present political climate presents us with a unique opportunity to tell the Howard Government

that popular sentiment is clear and unequivocal in its support for the move to a republic. Support for a republic is increasing and is now thoroughly cross-partisan. 75% of ACT residents (AGB McNair poll Dec 96) support the move to a republic.

The Republic issue is an important issue of symbolism. It is a truism that the British monarchy is an anachronistic and inappropriate symbolic anchor for the diverse and unique Australia of the twenty-first century.

It is important that you voice your opinion in the November election for delegates. The Federal Government has so far indicated its obstinate support for the status quo, a fact highlighted by the stacking of appointed delegates with the likes of Sir David Smith and various suspect pro-Monarchist youth delegates (and these people are supposed to represent YOUR view!). This puts the republican cause at a distinct disadvantage. For change to occur it is essential that pro-republican delegates are elected to the Convention.

ARM is the most committed, consistent and long-standing of these, and we urge all people voting for a pro-republic ticket to place the ARM as their first choice. Voting for other pro-republican parties runs the risk of fragmenting the republic vote and giving the Monarchists what they want — return to the status quo. Given there are only to be two candidates to be elected in the ACT, it is important that voters are aware of this danger.

The ARM's position is a simple one. It believes Australia should have an Australian citizen as our Head of State, appointed by Australians and should unequivocally represent the sovereign independent Australian nation and its interests. The ARM's position is a minimalist position. The Australian Head of State, to be called "President of Australia", should have no more functions than the Governor-General presently has. Thus, the President would only act on the advice of the duly elected Prime Minister, and would not possess any of the executive powers that the Presidents in the United States or

France, for example, have. Given the history of stable government in Australia, it is the position of the ARM not to change the existing function of daily governance by creating a President with a popular mandate to interfere in the business of government. It is for this reason that the ARM's platform supports the appointment of a President by a two-thirds majority joint sitting of both houses of Federal Parliament. This is the way to ensure the elected President represents all Australians and stands above and beyond party politics.

Today we sit at the cross-roads. When voting for delegates to the Constitutional Convention next month you will be electing people who will decide whether changing Australia to a republic should be put to a referendum. It is only through voting on that postal ballot that you can send the Howard Government a clear message in favour of change. Make sure you take a minute out to send that message some time between 3 November and 9 December.

## on campus

Woroni's questions of the week were: 1. If you were John Denver, would you rather die in a light airplane crash, or driving home on a country road? 2. Do you think that Cheryl Kernot's decision to defect to the ALP was because of her devastation at John Denver's death? 3. What is your reaction to the news that Elton John is releasing a tribute to John Denver entitled 'Experimental Light Aircraft in the Wind'?



1. If I was John Denver, I would have shot myself a long time ago.
2. What are you? Mental?
3. Elton John is a wordsmith. He'll do John Denver proud.

—NICK, 4TH YEAR ARTS/ECONOMICS



1. You mean "to the place that I belong"? Yes.
2. Well, what else would be the reason? Jackass.
3. Mmm...disturbing report.

—PAT, 3RD YEAR ARTS/LAW



1. Probably in a light airplane crash. I'm not a country road person.
2. Absolutely.
3. Typical. For the money.

—FIONA, 1ST YEAR PSYCHOLOGY



1. Probably in the light airplane crash. He seemed excited about it all.
2. I guess that could have had something to do with it all.
3. Well if it is anything like his tribute to Diana, it will probably be sung to the tune 'Candle in the Wind'.

—JODIE, PHD PHYSICS

## sexuality department

### Homophobic violence survey for Canberra

Nothing much to report since the last time we spoke. Due to the time of year, with exams being so close, both Pippa and I have been extremely busy with finishing off our courses, much like every other student, and have not been able to put as much energy into the department as we normally do. Nonetheless, our ongoing projects are continuing according to schedule.

The Anti-Violence campaign on campus is going ahead, with the next poster going to print in the next few days, and Woroni graciously printing our ad again (thanks for that guys). Watch out for the poster featuring Kate Carnell all around campus and Canberra in the coming weeks.

And speaking of posters, another series of posters will be up and about in the near future; something a little different. Plans have not been finalised, but keep your eyes open, as these posters will be quite different to the ones we've done so far.

Another part of the anti-violence campaign which has been finalised is the Homophobic Violence survey, the distribution of which has already started. We would appreciate your help by taking a couple of minutes to fill in a survey, either on paper or the online version, which can be found @ [http://student.anu.edu.au/Dept/Sexuality\\_Dept](http://student.anu.edu.au/Dept/Sexuality_Dept). The survey will also be available at the Students' Association, as well as some other ven-

ues around Canberra, including Canberra Institute of Technology, University of Canberra and some nightclubs. The survey will enable us to establish "hot spots" in which homophobic violence occurs, and we will publish the results later on this year in the local press. The survey, by the way, is completely confidential.

Other than that, both Pip and myself will be going to Sydney after exams to attend the Re:activate conference at the Australian Centre for Lesbian and Gay Research, and will also attend a meeting with ILGA, the biggest Lesbian and Gay Rights Association in the world, after the conference finishes.

This being our last Sexuality Department report, we would like to take the opportunity to thank all those people that have supported us this year, in particular Karen, the Students' Association Administrator Extraordinaire; Anne McCusker, our exceptional Welfare Officer, and of course, Matt Tinning, our outgoing Students' Association president.

And last but not least, all the students that we have come across this year, either because they needed help, just wanted a chat, or simply wanted to find out more about what the Sexuality Department does. We look forward to working with even more of you next year.

—MATT SCHMIDT  
PIPPA WISCHER  
SEXDEP@STUDENT.ANU.EDU.AU

## women's officers

### Election time

The Women's Office will be holding elections for next year's Women's Officer(s) on Thursday October 23 at 4pm in the Rapunzel Room. Please come along if you're interested.

My experience this year has been invaluable. I have learnt a lot and gained many new skills. Producing the Women's Handbook and Bluestocking week publications, was challenging, but immensely rewarding. Meeting women and discussing women's issues has enabled me to articulate my own feminist ideals. Being Women's Officer makes you realise just how many wonderful women there are out there! The position is a way of recognising the talents and existence of such women. I came to the job full of enthusiasm and ideas for change. While it wasn't possible to do everything, I have been able to do something to keep the fight for women alive. If you are interested in the job or would like more info, come and see us in the Women's Office or phone 6279 8514.

Reclaim the Night is on Friday the October 31, in City Walk (in front of the fountain and the entrance to Canberra Centre) from 6pm. The night will include live bands, guest speakers and a march around the streets where we can all demand rights for women with whistles and loud voices. There is also a gathering at Tilley's following this. Hope to see you there.

—REBECCA DEWITT  
SARAH CHIDCEY

### political corner

## Monarchy versus republic

Australia is a great country. We've got heaps of neat stuff, a stable democracy, courts which are fair and just, great living standards, heaps of cool and slightly wacky native animals, we're loaded with natural resources and also have beaches and farms and huge deserts with huge rocks. Don't believe everything you hear; we can actually be proud of our past. Australia enjoys a distinguished history; there are tarnishes on our record, but, for our size, we've kicked butt with consistently high living standards. This long sta-

**"it's kind of cool to have a monarchy. Every bloody boring country in the world has a President"**

ble period of democracy has been achieved under a constitutional monarchy, so we know it works; so we know how to continue to have a stable democracy well into the future. What kind of anal individual would care about closing yet another link to Australia's past, to our past, when it obviously works so well? And how else will becoming a republic change your life and mine? Other than delivering us yet more political turmoil and machinations, all it basically does is change the design on one side of our coins. How will we call heads or tails?

There is also the "fuckwit factor". This argument assumes that whoever climbs the ranks of a political organization, who has won a presidential election, or is a good mate of the Prime Minister, has a higher chance of being a fuckwit than average. Someone selected by a system of whoever is born first wins, has merely the average chance of being a fuckwit. Hence under the present arrangements we have less chance of having a fuckwit as our head of state. God forbid, but should Australia ever have a President, a partisan or political figure as head of state, the office holder will not be doing his or her job as an apolitical figure of dignity.

Besides, it's kind of cool to have a monarchy. Every bloody boring country in the world has a President or maybe a communist party chairman if they're silly. Why not dare to be different, dare to tell all the gits who think they know what people should think to "rack off!" and maybe they'll whinge about something more important like how are we going to get jobs when we graduate. Why be just another island republic with high foreign debt, unemployment and budget deficits, with the presidency being just some job for the boys, a super-annuation package for another boring middle-aged politician? In short, why let the various left-wing groups and parties ruin Australia even more?

—TIM DIXON  
ANU NATIONAL PARTY

The Republican debate is a complete farce. Although as a Socialist, I welcome any opportunity to end the last ties of anachronistic absolute feudalism.

Now if you have not moved since registering to vote, you are going to get the opportunity to vote for a constitutional convention. Make that one half of the convention. John Howard, who is quite willing to swing the axe on health and education but not on royal necks. He has already chosen a quarter of the delegates. A further quarter will be chosen by politicians.

**"as a Socialist I welcome any opportunity to end the last ties of anachronistic absolute feudalism"**

The last bulletin poll shows a clear majority for a republic- 53 to 37 percent. Yet just one of Howard's youth delegates, according to media reports is a republican. Most are apparently young liberals, one such as an ex-Woroni editor who was famous for putting out a front page saluting the Queen.

So we face a postal ballot which according to the electoral commission will disenfranchise at least one million voters who have changed address. Those who vote will be choosing just half of a meeting stacked by Howard clones. That meeting will fail to come to a consensus and the question of a republic who go to a plebiscite (a referendum that does not count).

Why we should ask are we being encouraged to take part in this farce? What is the republican debate really about?

In many ways it has remarkably little to do with the monarchy. Many leading republicans are not left wing or opposed to privilege and not even mildly vindictive toward the parasites in Buckingham Palace. Republicans like merchant banker Malcom Turnbull and NSW Liberal opposition leader Peter Collins have nothing in common with historical movements from below that have demanded a republic.

The republican push comes from those who feel that traditional anglo-orientated Australian nationalism can simply no longer cut the mustard. Nationalism is an immensely powerful tool, one that can potentially quell social discontent, by conning ordinary people into believing that they share a common interest with their bosses.

But since the post-war migration from more and more different countries, devotion to an English Queen is looking quaint. So while one bunch of an increasingly isolated section of the ruling class would like to hang on to the old ways, most bosses and politicians have decided that nationalism needs a face lift.

—BEN HALLIDAY  
SOCIALIST WORKER STUDENT CLUB

### Students' Association

## president's report

Matt Tinning  
sa president



## This is our last goodbye

There would have been less depressing times than the late 1990s under a Federal Coalition government to devote a year to student representation. Over the last 12 months radical changes have continued in the higher education sector that will in time, I'm sure, be ranked in intellectual terms up there with the burning of the books at Alexandria, and in purely national interest terms up with the Soviet Union's decision to collectivise agriculture.

In this environment much of my year has been consumed by fighting largely defensive battles against a sea of evils ranging from the abolition of the current Austudy appeals mechanism to the withdrawal of university funding for the student welfare officer position. But there has still been time for the occasional proactive initiative.

The GSF Committee agreed to resist numerous attempts to increase our GSF, and instead adopt an SA proposal to cap it at \$180 for the next 4 years, cementing the ANU's GSF as the lowest in the country. And in the next few weeks the Committee looks set to approve a reduction in the Capital Development Levy, the maintenance of an expanded Clubs & Societies budget, and the withdrawal of funding for the Arts Centre in favour of increased direct funding for student productions — all extremely student-friendly initiatives.

Meanwhile, a student proposal to establish a comprehensive bursary scheme was finally successful. Last year William Mackerras secured in-principle agreement and funding for the project, and at last after 12 months of consultation, negotiation and compromise a final detailed agreement was accepted by Council in September. From 1998 about 40 accommodation bursaries will be offered to the poorest students at the ANU — a number that will grow to at least 100 by 2001.

Some of our most important initiatives this year have been aimed at giving the SA the potential to expand and improve in the future. The first thing that was done to this end was to pass a new Constitution and Regulations. Our 15-year-old Constitution has been crying out for modernisation for many years, so it was a relief that this time around political differences did not become a sticking point. In particular, the new Executive positions of Education Officer and Social Officer will allow for more detailed scrutiny of government and university initiatives, and will allow the SA to fill the gap that has been left by the Union's gradual withdrawal from organising major social events such as Bush Week.

The new structure should also facilitate better faculty representation and greater accountability. An expanded role will also be made possible by the SA's imminent move to new premises. When the Capital Development Levy component of the GSF was introduced 3 years ago it was opposed by student representatives. However, having lost that battle we made a bid to see that money put to good use by constructing a Student Services Building.

It was good to get this long talked-about project off the ground this year, and it should be completed within the next 12 to 18 months. The time we have left to spend in our current location should be more productive as a result of our continuation of William's office reforms.

A new Parenting Room opened in the SA early this year which finally gives both male and female parents on campus a secluded place to feed or change kids, and the Clubs and Societies room went through a long overdue metamorphosis making life

easier for those who run the clubs that make campus the funky place that it is. Finally on the home front, we are just completing the process of negotiating an award to cover the staff the SA employs. This should make for greater certainty and fairness in the SA's industrial relations realm in future years.

A big part of the SA's role is to represent student interests to the university administration. This year had its victories — we successfully argued against the introduction of up-front fees, seeing us become the first 'Group of Eight' university to rule out the option, and we managed to stymie a sneaky proposal which would have had an indirect (and unmentioned) consequence of increasing the university's funding at the expense of increasing by up to \$3,500 the HECS liability of combined degree students. Many other victories were won in countless university committees this year — needless to say the defeats were too frequent to tally.

One issue which does not with certainty fall into either camp as yet is the restructuring process in the Faculty of Arts. While the university has retreated from its initial hard-line position, it will not be until early November that we discover how many posts will be lost, and whether any of these will be through involuntary redundancy. Watching the whole Faculty of Arts saga unfold, and the way it has impacted upon staff in the Faculty, has been quite sickening. Only the creativity, determination and partial success of student and staff protest has redeemed the situation.

What has been most pleasing for me this year is the fact that the many things which are expected of the SA every year have been done with precision in 1997 thanks to the hard work of a heap of people. Haidi Wilmott, Lara Schevchenko, Faye Liu and Seb Harvey put on a phenomenal O-Week. Damien James produced a carefully-crafted student diary which I hope served you all as well as it did me. The Sexuality and Women's Departments continued to provide an important service to students, and thanks to the dedication of Pippa Wischer, Matt Schmidt, Rebecca Devitt, Sarah Chidgey and Mark Leon-Thorne did this in a style above and beyond the call of duty. The same could be said of Ben Reese and Jenny Hoy as Environment Officers, Corin, Stephen, and the team in producing *Woroni*, Patrick Mackerras and the Education Committee, Margie Kilcullen the Welfare Committee, Suzanna Watt, Julie Quine and Peter Aigner on the C & S Committee (loved those meetings guys), and the list goes on.

Special thanks to this year's SRC: Jason Ives, Jessica Wyndham, Jasmine Lee, Paul Clarke, Kel Watt, Julie Quine, Andrew Vance, Margie Kilcullen, Patrick Mackerras, Ben Reese, Fred Ford, Haidi Wilmott, Beth Driscoll, Marty Iltis, Jason Cebalo, Gloria Wong, Sophia Cason, Michael Hynd, Arthur Gretton, John Austin, Vilaysinh Manyoun. You've been a dream Council.

Also thanks to treasurer Amanda Frost-Drury for effectively executing such a huge job in her honours year. And to Karen and Anne for creating a most enjoyable working environment.

My biggest thanks are reserved for my predecessor, William Mackerras, who has been a fountain of all knowledge and wisdom, and my successor, Harry Greenwell, without whose dedication I wouldn't have survived the year. A Democrat election poster in this year's SA election contemplated that reality would be warped if the SA actually did something for students. Thanks to everyone who've helped make 1997 a really warped year.

# Opinion

## debate

### PC: Political Correctness or Pointless Crap?

Vitriolic Vinegar and PC Patrick go head to head for the last time on whether political correctness is a waste of time.

PC: see also, piss-weak carping, patent crud, puritanical crap and pedantic cunts. Yes PC is all this and more. Why is it that political correctness sux so very much? In a world without morals, PC becomes the ultimate replacement. It's very easy with PC to see how much of a "nice" person you are. You simply count the number of gay friends you have, multiply it by your own persecution factor, divide that figure by the number of times you have said "that joke's not funny, it's just sexist" and then plot it all on a graph that charts the ratio of your boring personality to the small size of your imagination and worldly experience.

PC is the ultimate in "nice". PC doesn't allow for nasty human passions to creep through and make life interesting. PC doesn't acknowledge that people are combative, unkind or imagine taking other people's clothes off and fucking them senseless.

PC is essentially a Marxist movement because its basic assumption is that people are stupid and should have no power as individuals to decide their fates. This is the ultimate PC argument "But if we're all really nice to one another then no one will know any better and we'll all live in peace and harmony for the rest of our dull lives" This argument has about as much credibility as a Mao-era propaganda painting of happy, well-fed peasants heading off to another happy, well-fed day in the fields. Devoid of all feeling and commitment to the truth, these pictures were turned out by artists in their millions to support the various regimes under whose stifling oppression they toiled in order to satisfy those who would rather have seen the way the world ought to be as opposed to the way the world is.

The paintings produced under political regimes are the logical conclusion of political correctness. In the modern world of PC academe Picasso has no place because he's a "misogynist".

Then there's the very dodgy question of what constitutes "racism", "sexism", "homophobia" blah, blah, blah. It would seem to me that the massacres in Rwanda, whilst racially motivated, would look pretty stupid if placed on the same level as a joke that starts "There was an Irishman, an Australian and an Aborigine...", but apparently not. Once again if we of the dopey masses are allowed to hear such things they may merely reinforce our "preconceptions" and "legitimise" racism through humour and we may therefore end up massacring one another. What a

load of bullshit, and how utterly patronising to the majority of people on the planet. As if somehow I am so stupid that I can't recognise that something is both racist, sexist, homophobic, whatever and simultaneously funny. It's as if all the plebs in the world living our lives in a flotation tank with the Barbara De Angelis "Making Love Work" self-help tape playing and believing every word that we're being fed. Who knew that that the ethnic cleansing in Bosnia started with a

"PC is the ultimate in "nice". It doesn't allow for nasty human passions to creep through and make life interesting"

particularly offensive "Knock Knock" joke?

And why is it that those most vehement adherents to the tenants of PC have no

ability to see irony, satire or even, heaven forbid, to laugh at themselves. I mean there's really only so long you can drag up the fact that people beat you up at school as an excuse to censor what gets written about. Basically their complete lack of humour extends from the fact that they usually have very little experience of the world, and what they have seen, rather than making them compassionate, instead makes them vengeful and vindictive.

The PC crew rarely know the difference between niceties and compassion. Their supposed aim in life is to stop conflict, but all their efforts achieve is a vigorous suppression of all unpleasantness. This is bullshit morality and it places "have a nice day" on the same level as "I love you".

PC's fundamental aim is to restrict and censor, and those who say otherwise don't even have the courage of their convictions. The problem is that when we start to make judgements about what should and shouldn't be printed, exhibited, spoken or joked about then we are basically opening the way for nothing to be said beyond the level of the ingredients on the side of a tube of toothpaste. I mean, I might find "faggot" an offensive term but a fire worshipper might find "water" to be equally sensitive. Just where do we draw the line when we've decided that all is legitimate offence? When are we allowed to say "Don't be ridiculous"? Apparently never.

Political Correctness is nothing but left-wing extremism, and like all extremism it is every bit as bad as its every other manifestation. What separates those who smashed Piss Christ from those who wanted to censor *Woroni's* "Boonz" issue? Nothing.

Vinegar Tits realises that this is a serious article and a change, albeit a brief one, from my usual rant. It is however something that must be said whether any one likes it or not.

—VINEGAR TITS

In any community where ideas are formed and debated you can see two things happen. The first is that from time to time someone will think a really good thought, argue it well and use sound evidence to back it up. Sooner or later the idea becomes "accepted wisdom".

The second is related to the first. Particularly if the theory concerned is reasonably complex, once it becomes accepted wisdom people tire of constantly and patiently explaining the solid reasoning behind it to people who have recently entered the community. When the accepted wisdom is challenged by these newcomers, the old timers

"Society has finally got to the point where the notion that sexism and racism are evil is becoming accepted wisdom"

therefore search for new and convenient techniques to rebut the latest round of criticism. Often these techniques have little to do with rational argument and centre instead on attacking the credibility of the challenger. Often the attacks employ nothing more than personal abuse.

I can't think of a single sphere of human discourse that is free of these two phenomena, which I heap together until the slogan "correctness". Even the cold world of science is filled with victims of correctness; people mercilessly pilloried for refusing to accept the status quo.

The theory of evolution, for example, is about as solid and accepted a theory as you can find, and consequently people who attack it suffer no shortage of personal attacks for their trouble. For all the solid argument in Richard Dawkins book *The Selfish Gene*, he still can't resist bagging out his opponents personally. In mathematics, too, it's not hard to find casualties of our inability to confine argument to the realm of ideas rather than personalities. In the nineteenth century a young mathematician named Cantor end up in a mental asylum because his ideas were too crazy for some of the most powerful intellects of the day.

So it's pretty clear that correctness has its problems, even though it saves a lot of time and even though it's perfectly natural for very good ideas to become accepted wisdom after while. These problems revolve around correctness being an "excuse not to think". Put simply, as long as you have a nice set of insults to fire at your opponents there is less reason to think about what they're actually saying. More profoundly, as long as a community has accepted wisdom it will have its young people either keeping their dissenting thoughts to themselves because they'd rather not put up with abuse, or I suppose worse still, spouting tokenistic sen-

timents that they don't really believe in an attempt to gain acceptance by those who support the majority view. Thus society can get itself a rut; sooner or later people don't really know why they believe what they do.

Much of the criticism of political correctness then, is just a criticism of correctness with "political" added to mean that the issues concern race, gender, sexuality, religion or multiculturalism. The criticism is often well founded. To my mind

there is no better indication that many of my "politically correct" friends don't really understand why sexism and racism are wrong,

for example, than the fact that they don't have the slightest hesitation in bagging out mature age students or in using the word "schizophrenic" insensitively or in avoiding mentally ill people as if they have a contagious disease.

If Vinegar Tits truly understood that racism is unfair because it is a denial of justice to an individual based on a totally meaningless characteristic that they can't change, then Tits wouldn't have written in the second issue of *Woroni* 1997 that "most mature age students are nothing but place stealing pains in the arse".

But what I don't understand is why people go on and on about the evils of "political correctness" when they don't go on about the underlying problem, namely "correctness" itself. For every person who unjustly describes Helen Garner as "a traitor to her sex" rather than tackling her ideas, you can find another who attacks commonsense public health moves like the Uni Bar smoking ban not with argument but with cheap shots like "I can really do without some tee totalling debating society nerdherder being concerned I might die in a hundred and fifty years from the effects of passive smoking".

Show me a person who complains that the term "racist" is an excuse to avoid dealing with his or her oh-so-well thought out ideas on why ATSC should be abolished, and I'll show you someone who has himself or herself used the term of abuse "politically correct" to label someone who tries to explain why he or she is wrong.

Actually, it is not at all difficult to see why people are so obsessed with political correctness rather than correctness. Society has finally got to the point where the notion that sexism and racism are evil is becoming accepted wisdom. In my view, that is a good thing. Yet clearly many of the critics of political correctness do not like it one bit.

—PATRICK MACKERRAS

# *LOUD*

# CAN YOU



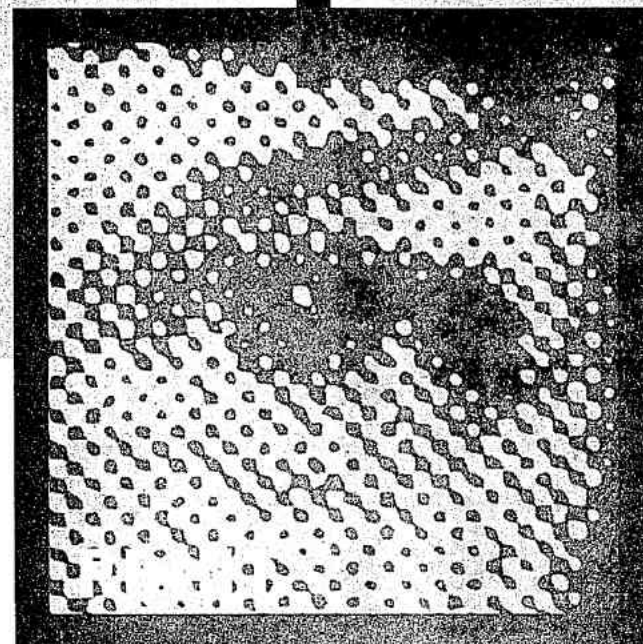
# HEAR

If you're hip, funky and in touch with today's youth, by now you've probably already heard of LOUD — Australia's first media festival of youth culture and the arts. If you haven't, then get ready: between now and January next year there's going to be a hell of a lot more in the media about it — which is appropriate, after all, because it is a media festival. "LUSCIOUS" JACKSON PELLOW looks at some of the latest LOUD initiatives and speaks to Mark Mordue, LOUD's national print co-ordinator, about the festival.

# THIS?



**"If you think that young artisans are a bunch of over expressive prats and you value regular media programming then book your overseas trip now because over summer the LOUD festival will virtually be unavoidable."**



**W**ith Fatty from *The Footy Show* telling us to "turn it up!" and a nation of parents screaming "turn it down!" it's not difficult to work out where the term troubled youth originated. Yet, with the media now so diverse — incorporating traditional art forms such as writing, television and photography, alongside new art forms such as digital art and interactive web sites — it is indeed mixed messages that young people have become best at deciphering.

In January 1998, LOUD, Australia's first youth media festival is offering young Australians between the ages of 12 and 25 the opportunity to create and exhibit their own mixed messages on television, on the radio, in print and across the internet. Along with national exposure, successful applicants will also be paid for their work.

If you think that young artisans are a bunch of over expressive prats and you value regular media programming then book your overseas trip now because over summer the LOUD festival will virtually be unavoidable. In fact, if you're like me, you've probably already bopped about naked to the "get LOUD!" promo on Triple J or have been knocked off your pushbike by the blinding orange light of the LOUD logo.

Unlike any other festival in which you have to buy tickets, jostle for a good view, get sunburnt and eat expensive greasy food, LOUD is a unique world first in that an access-all-areas pass can be gained from most modern homes. The LOUD programme is entirely media based, perhaps hinting at the types of festivals we may see in the future. Simply ungluing your flatmate's face from the telly could reveal a self portrait mini-documentary from the *Our Place* series, in which applicants were asked to make a short non-fiction film about themselves. These, along with LOUD Bits, an interstitial programming competition (the strange fill-in things sometimes shown on TV between shows or when the reception drops out) and a short film festival will all be screened on the ABC, SBS, the Ten Network and some cable stations.

If you don't have a telly cause it got turned into a fish tank when the fish tank got turned into an esky at your last party, then switch on the wireless. There is an equally impressive line up of youth radio initiatives. Highlights include: Take Over which allows young people to segment produce or co-host on their favourite radio programmes. For budding scriptwriters there is \$15 000 up for grabs in the Ian Reed Foundation Prize for Radio Drama. Also, Triple J is looking for reporters to do Vox Pops and DJs to co-ordinate various shows ranging from *Creatures of the Spotlight* to *the Morning Show*. Details will be

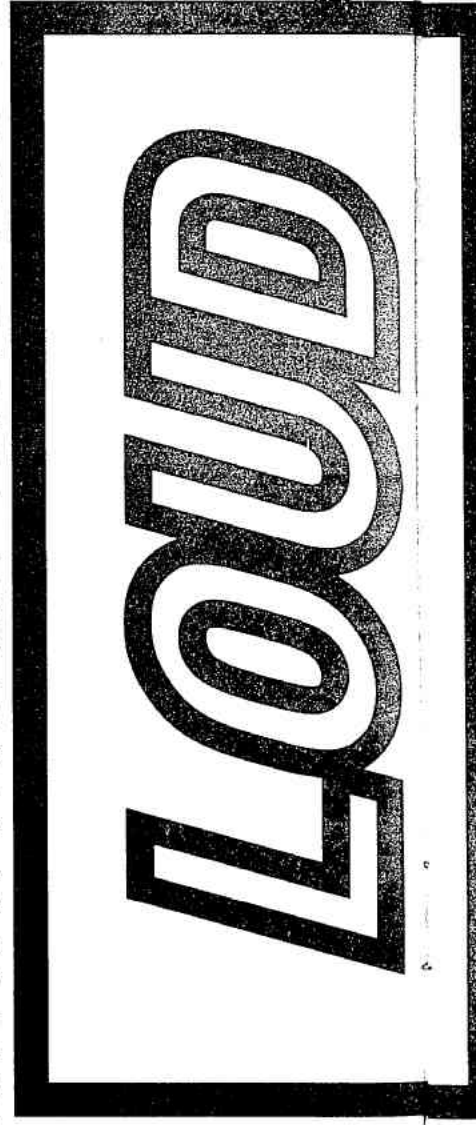
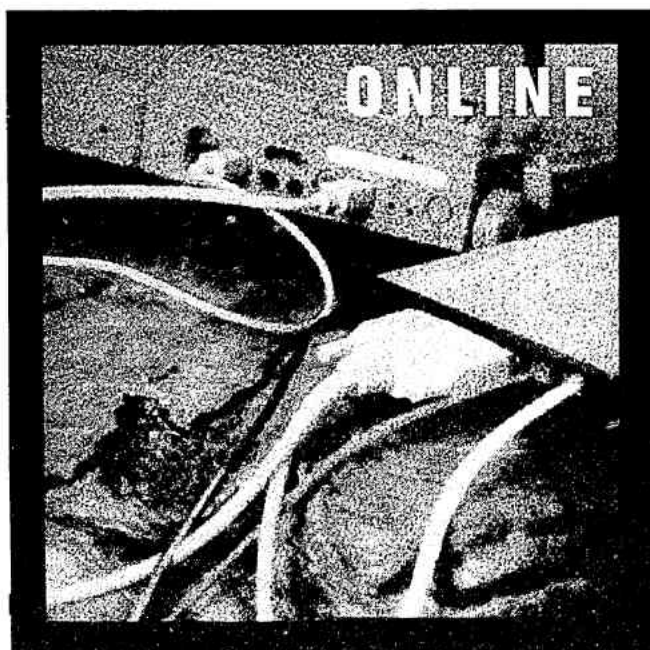
announced on the Js in November so start rehearsing voice intonations or begin developing a persona to rival that of the Sandman's.

Info Tech students and computer freaks should practice up their binary codes and whack a web site on the net. It can be on any topic and can be made up of combinations of sound, text, graphics and video. Microsoft is offering computers and software as prizes with entries closing on December 1. Probably the most innovative competition in LOUD is Byte-sized Theatre in which 1-3 minute on-line dramas and performance pieces will be broadcast. For a sneak preview check out the site <http://www.aftrs.edu.au/venew>.

LOUD even caters for the technological braindead with its most accessible initiative the Disposable Art Photography Competition. To enter all you need to do is purchase an Agfa disposable camera from Ted's Camera Store and capture your life on celluloid. From the world of print media, *Mad Magazine* will buy and publish your wacky cartoons and the editors of *Voiceworks* are currently calling for short stories, articles, poetry and rants. If you've written a novel recently (and hell who hasn't) LOUD has two publishing contracts to give away as well as the chance to have your zine professionally edited and published. *Woroni* is also helping to organise LOUD's National Student Newspaper Competition, in which the student rags will go head to head to finally sort out once and for all which uni paper is best. The best articles and images will be re-published in the *Book of LOUD*, a publication that will come out in January to highlight the aims of the festival and the various initiatives being conducted.

Young people are some of the biggest absorbers of media entertainment yet are very rarely involved in producing its content. One of LOUD's goals is to redress the age imbalance in mass media production. The LOUD festival not only allows young people to have a say in the type of information that is presented but also the way in which it is presented.

The LOUD festival is certainly providing plenty of opportunities for the motivated. For the not so motivated it will highlight some of the latest trends in both digital media technology and traditional communication methods. The advice from *Woroni* is that if you've got something to say, say it and say it LOUD (but for Christ's sake don't become American).





Woroni spoke with Mark Mordue, the national print coordinator of LOUD to get his views on what type of communication mediums are most popular with under 25 year-olds:

**What medium have you received most inquiries/entries for?**

The projects that seem to be getting the best response have been the ones where everyone has equal access to equipment. There has been a lot of interest in the Disposable Art Competition obviously because disposable cameras are so easy to acquire and use. It's a project that's less about technical expertise and more about just capturing moments of your everyday life. Also, the New Pollution Zine Project in which a national network of zines will be set up online as well as in book form is generating lots of interest — probably because in many ways it represents the truest extremes of the festival, because it's totally about people doing their own thing. SBS's *Eat Carpet* is putting together a whole series of specially made projects based on urban myths related to racism and prejudice which are also providing a lot of excitement.

**Are young people embracing new technologies or a little bit hesitant of it?**

I think young people are definitely embracing new technologies. Of course it depends greatly on having the resources to access. The whole notion of the LOUD festival came out of the fact that young people are more familiar and at ease with using computers and the net — and just with media in general. I think that young people who are skilled with the latest digital technologies stand a better chance of breaking into the media industry. There has been a huge change over the last 20 years in the type of media that young people have access to — from one rock magazine in the 70s, to pop-culture magazines today on lifestyle, fashion, art and politics.

**Do you think the word 'youth' has negative connotations especially in the way it is portrayed in the media?**

I think that like all taglines the word youth has clichés. Depending on where you read it youth could be defined by drugs or delinquency or Pepsi-Cola or



Disneyland idealism. The truth is much more complicated. I think that LOUD will bring out all those things. Everything in the festival won't be perfect. I hope we get a vision of the country that is everything from street kids, to private schools; from Aboriginal communities to young people partying and pissed out of their minds; to the most pure faced idealistic 14 year old from Broken Hill. LOUD will show the downside of youth culture, as well as celebrating youth enlightenment. Most youth culture media isn't really about a culture coming from youth, it's about selling a culture to youth. LOUD is showing something that's already come out of youth culture but that has not already been promoted. LOUD is by young people for young people.

**Following on from the hype surrounding the *Ganglands* book by Mark Davis in which it has been stated that Australia's mass media has been hijacked by a group of baby boomers. Is one of the aims of LOUD to help youth groups get their own back on the media?**

In part, yes. I think that one thing we've always been aware of is that LOUD is not specifically trying to promote a form of generational conflict. The scenario of the new generation trying to knock off the old generation is a limited form of thinking. I think there are brilliant and talented 15 year-olds out there and disaffected 30 year-olds; and wise, active, energetic 40 year-olds who are listening to Triple J, all of whom are interested in exciting cultural and artistic activities. The initiatives in LOUD will certainly provide some great ideas and may serve to refresh the media [but working in conjunction with the established media rather than against it]. What LOUD is really hoping to achieve is to let new, young ideas out, whether they be troublesome, worrying or idealistic. These will then form a media pool that will create thinking.

**Do you think LOUD will act as a catalyst for producing a whole bunch of 'creative' child prodigies as seen recently in the music world with Silver Chair, Nathan Cavaliere, the Hanson brothers and those rap-dancing reverse dressers Kris-Kros?**

I don't know about the word prodigy so much. I think the festival will definitely act as a catalyst to discover a few really talented people. I already know from talking to various organisations (*Juice*, SBS, ABC TV) that on a purely self-interest level they're looking for what talent LOUD can throw up and send their way.



# 1997: Year of Death

We looked through the beginning of the year astrology predictions in researching this article — *Who Weekly* predicted a new love for Diana, but strangely enough didn't say anything about Parisian underpasses. Sure, anyone could have predicted Mother Teresa would die during the course of the year, but somehow it seemed celebrities were unexpectedly dropping off the twig left, right and centre. VINEGAR TITS looks back on the year that was the last for so many celebrities, and asks the probing questions, such as: why do we give a shit?

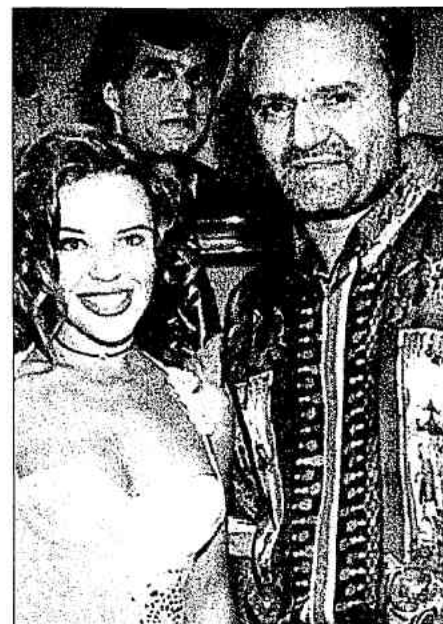
Was there anyone who didn't fuckin' die in 1997? I'm surprised that *Woroni* still has a readership considering how many people just dropped off the face of the earth this year. Surely this is some cyclical thing that is just starting to hit celebrities. Quite frankly I don't give a shit — I hate celebrities. It's as if they go straight to Heaven when they die, bypassing we mere mortals and receiving their very own celestial constellation. It doesn't matter who they were, if they die and they're famous then they were peace-makers, insightful artists, loving parents blah, blah, blah. What a load of crap. With 1997 killing off so very

fortunate thing to happen to them since Hank Williams choked on his own vomit. What is sure though is that Jeff is going to be adored by millions of whiny little Narrabundah College students for years to come. First will come the little tribute parties and then the incense burnt in the school quad as a memorial and finally, phoney suicide attempts on the anniversary of his death. What more of a tribute could you ever want.

For a while there, Gianni Versace looked as though he was going to steal the limelight in this year's "best death of an over-sexed celebrity" category. When I first heard that he'd been shot

Versace" that appeared in every paper on earth that only managed to highlight how absolutely gross his clothes really were. It finally all ended in a shoot out and a fire on board a houseboat. Quite frankly although Diana's death is obviously number one I'm still rooting for the dark horse to take out this year's prize.

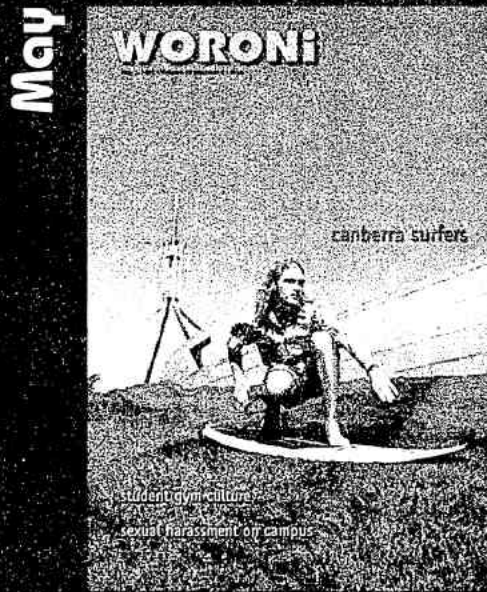
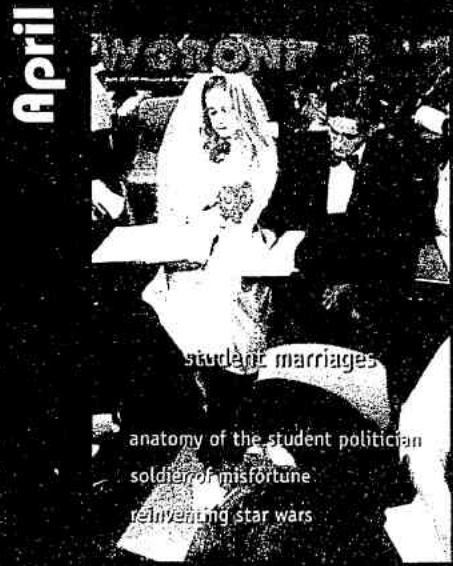
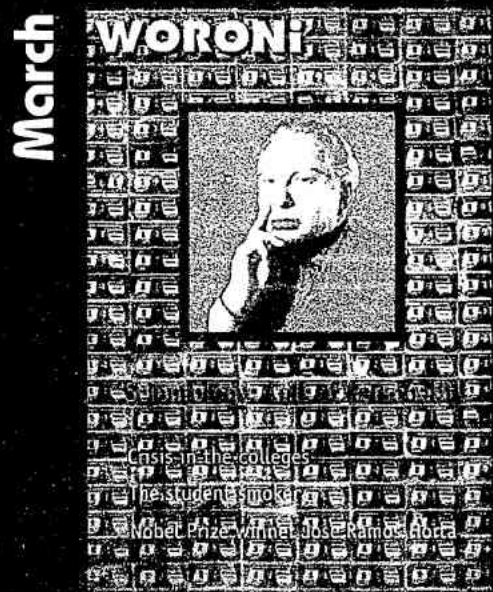
What was even better about Versace's death, other than the actual events surrounding it, was the totally pukey funeral that was held in Milan soon after. It was my first glimpse into the behaviour of over-wrought celebrities. Surely it was here that Elton John came into his own right as the



(above) Gianni Versace — murdered because of his close personal friendship with Kylie Minogue?

wrestle Phil Collins to death and give the whole world a double Christmas present. Come on, Elton, I know you're up for a bit.

One of the Classic deaths of all time has easily tipped 1997 over the edge from an ordinary year of life loss into the year of the morgue. The carry-on



many people I have decided to dedicate the following thoughts to all those celebrities over whose death I did not shed a single tear.

The International year of death kicked off well with the drowning death of the elusive and totally annoying Jeff Buckley. Apparently, Jeff had decided that a naked drunken swim was in order and had headed down to the muddy banks of the Mississippi with his "companion" (fuelling speculation that the somewhat fey Buckley was in a conspiracy to cover up his homosexuality), got his gear off and waded in with his stereo playing sappy bullshit. What I love is the image of Jeff silently strolling in with something like "Stairway to Heaven" or Olivia Newton John's "I Love You (I Honestly Love You)" playing full blast as he decided to trundle off this mortal coil. Jeff's little spot by the river looks set to become the new Graceland, however, and the citizens of Memphis are thinking that it's the most

by a male prostitute outside his totally glammo mansion in Miami, it almost seemed like I had died and gone to tabloid heaven. I mean, you just can't write a script like that. Then the manhunt began. Trails of death and destruction were left, and that's not including the billion "fashion tributes to



(above) William Burroughs and Jeff Buckley: sure to be icons of Narrabundah College kids for generations to come.

professionally grief stricken cry-baby and compulsive funeral goer. How come he couldn't have done the world a favour and had his head rammed through a dashboard? Surely there's an embittered hooker out there somewhere willing to give him Cunanan treatment? Maybe he could simply



after the death of Diana was, quite simply, ludicrous. I mean it's kind of hard to parody something when all you have to do is go down to the newsagent, buy yourself any paper you care to mention, and then find your jaw slowly drop as you begin to comprehend that there were enough obsequies being used to sink a ship for a woman whose main claim to fame was good taste in shoes. "But what about those poor boys," they cried. What about them? People's mothers get killed everyday but anyone would think that because they didn't wear smart blazers it made the pain easier. Like, how come when Diana has an affair she "finds true happiness" but when Fergie's out having her brains screwed out she's a toe sucking slut? When Mother Theresa died two days later it was as if she had done it out of respect for Diana. The two were described as "great friends". Yeah... whatever. "My, Mother Theresa, what a pretty... sari-like thing you have on.



I was just talking to Gemima Kahn the other day and she has a similar one. But made of cut rubies. I mean it's heavy but it's never going to wear." I'm gonna miss you Diana but Christ! just because she looked good in a land mine flak jacket.

Literary shonk merchants have also been falling this year like so many bogong moths being sprayed with oven cleaner, but the one I was most happy to see go was undoubtedly William Burroughs. Where does this sheister get off? I mean Helen Demidenko should take lessons. This guy's made an entire career out of what made her famous for two weeks. How exactly does one form an entire literary life span on the basis of taking shit loads of drugs and shooting your wife? His fawning critics all seem to voice their tacit approval of his bullshit; most seemingly glad that he killed her. "I'm just so glad that he shot that woman, I mean his whole 'I'm so crazy' thing would have just not had any cred at all if he wasn't



Princess Diana Spencer: before (right), and after (above). Crash scene investigators ask — what's worse than getting red wine out of carpet? Getting Di out of upholstery.



genuinely crazy". Burroughs has inflicted upon us some of the worst examples of teen artsy fartsy fiction the world has seen since *Satyricon*. Why is it that every stupid little college student at every creative writing course in the country has read *Naked Lunch*? Because its purple prose bullshit, that's full of metaphors that any 16 year old can get. Soon they're writing abstract essays about drugs they never took,

sex they never had and reading bits of it to one another at Jeff Buckley tribute parties. Quite frankly, for turning the novel into a sham I'm bloody glad to see Burroughs out of here. Oh, and that thing he did with Kurt Cobain really sucked too.

Just as when the International Year of Death seemed to be winding down, just when it looked as though there were no more surprises in store, along

pantheon of celebrity gods who die and get their own cloud just because they've got blonde hair. Suddenly after Denver's "tragic" death he stops being an insipid alcoholic, wife beating bastard and becomes Gandhi and Neil Young rolled into one. As if somehow his desire to fly is supposed to convince us of his spirituality and "genuine" emotionalism. Surely

August



September



October



November

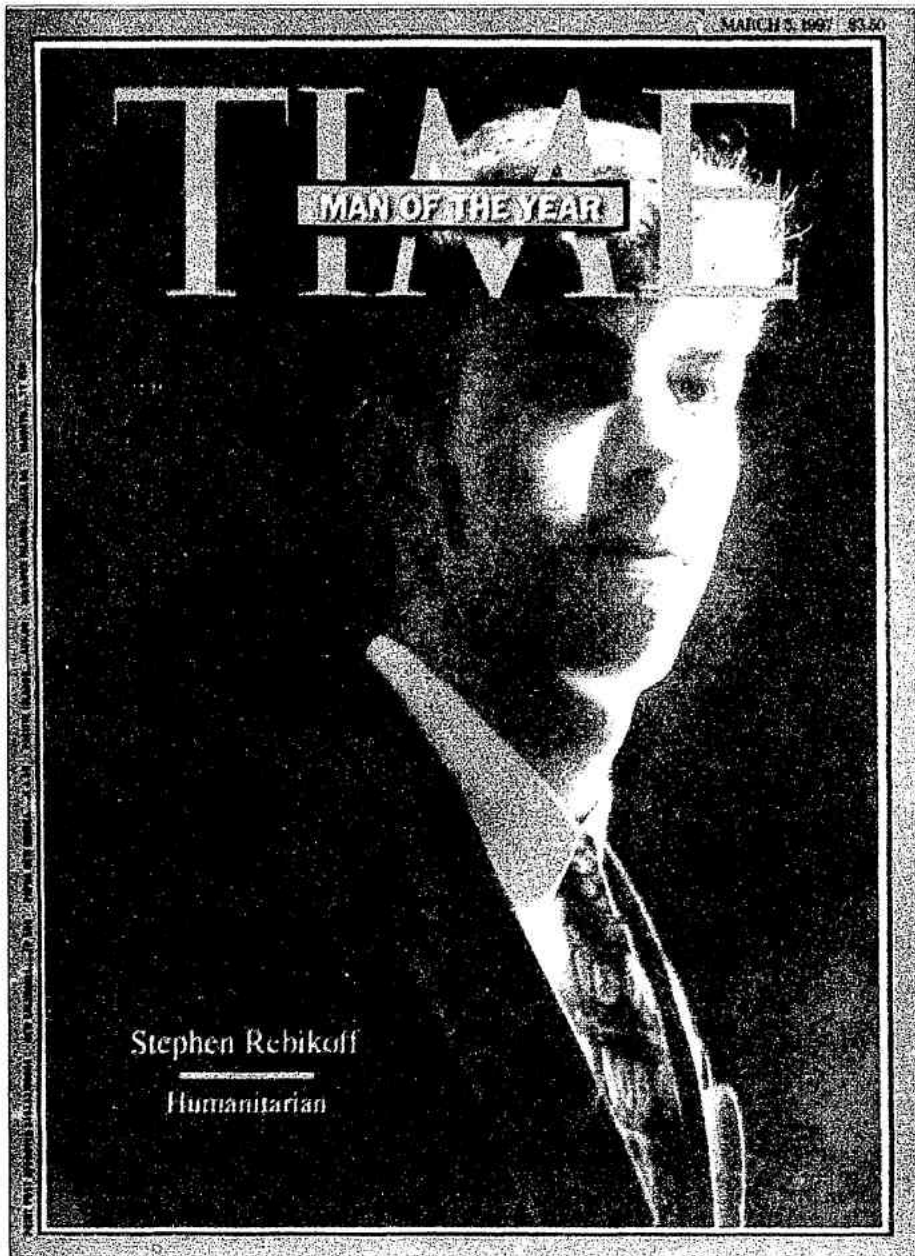


comes an absolute pearler — John Denver. Has anybody ever deserved so much to die? John Denver stands accused of convincing the entire world that real country soul can be found in the aural dog piss that is tunes like "Annie's Song". Denver has obviously found his place next to Diana in the

(right) Before and after: tragic photos of John Denver wearing an "Annie's Song" T-Shirt. Clearly he deserved to die.

"Country Roads" is the worst song ever written. It's over blown sentimentality and a paean to all that is wrong with pop music. To whomever made that plane in which Denver went plummeting into the sea, all I can say is thanks.





# Press Gang

We've refrained from editorials all year — now's your chance to see just how self-obsessed we really are. The G-Force team fire up their pens, get out their Kleenex and say "Sayonara" for 1997.

**Corin Throsby**  
Editor-in-Chief

It seems kind of weird now that Stephen and I decided to do *Woroni* on the toss of the coin (heads we'd edit the paper, tails we'd do something meaningful with our year). I remember thinking "tails! tails! tails!" at the time, but I soon warmed to the idea of being editor of the uni newspaper, imagining myself as a kind of Linda Day/Brandon Walsh/Caitlin from *Degrassi* figure, presiding over an office full of hot young babe reporters, intriguing romantic sub-plots, and crazy student hijinks. The reality of *Woroni* has turned out to be disturbingly close to this fantasy and there are a few people I'd like to thank for makin' my dreams come true.

First, the team. Although my desperate attempts to force the editorial team to bond ("Come on guys! Let's have a meeting every week! Yeah! Fun! Group hug!") have nearly always been met with reluctant groans, we've still managed to become very special friends. I'd like to thank Brendan for some of the funniest pieces of writing I've ever read; Katie (bitch!) for being my friend, and providing me with horrid smelly cheese sandwiches; Jane for *always* being on time to meetings; James for introducing me to ginger beer; Paul for being so cute; Peter for his dedication and never failing pessimism; and Helen for being my lunch buddy, confidant, substitute mother, English tutor, fashion consultant, and source of cheap entertainment throughout the year.

Secondly, I'd like to thank Matt Tinning for his patience and understanding during the times when we've been a bit naughty (or just a bit stupid).

I also need to pay homage to all our regular contributors who have always managed to provide us with outstanding work, usually at ridiculously short notice. Extra special thanks to Nick Shaw, who not only wrote heaps of stuff with no credit whatsoever, but always made me feel better when we were missing two features, hadn't slept for 78 hours, and were due to go to the printers the next morning.

Lastly, I'd like to thank my co-editor Stephen who, despite his occasional despotism outbursts, has been so patient with my whining, so understanding about my need for sleep, and such a great friend to me this year. Words cannot express my gratitude.

With a publication like *Woroni*, which has such a diverse readership, it's hard to please everyone. I think the role a student newspaper is to get people thinking and talking about new ideas and opinions — that's what we've tried to do this year.

**Stephen Rebikoff**  
Editor-in-Chief

Perhaps the most fulfilling part of editing *Woroni* this year finished when we took the first issue to the printers shortly before O-Week. I cannot think of any other situation in which you are given a ridiculously large amount of money (though oh how quickly it went) and the task of designing a newspaper completely from scratch. It was both an artistic and an intellectual process: trying to figure out what people actually wanted from their student newspaper, and how we could give it to them in the prettiest looking package. The result during O-Week was kind of like watching the birth of our deformed love-child: we smiled at its creation even as we recoiled in horror from its disfigurement.

If there have been a few unspoken imperatives running through the paper this year, they have been an emphasis on quality and humour above all, a concern with consistency and professionalism, and a desire to not relegate considerations of layout to a question of what looked okay at four o'clock in the morning the night before we go to print. If these were the standards we consistently managed to steer around, we at least knew when we were doing so, and kind of felt bad about it at the time. Apart from giving me an excuse for indulging my little computer nerd Photoshop fantasies (waves on top of Parliament House, Union Court in a snow dome), I hope that our consciousness of the look of the paper, in addition to its content, has had some effect on *Woroni's* impact, even if it is only a subconscious one: a well designed paper is both easier and more desirable to read, and we quickly discovered that funky layout can often disguise a distinct absence of content.

My own role in the paper has been one I have not always relished, as it has been linked with a realisation that someone has to play dad, pay the bills, and make sure the pets don't starve, but that unfortunately that person doesn't get to come out and play all that often. Much as Mussolini mounting his gibbet, I hold fast to my opinions that these things do not run by committee, that deadlines require decisions, and that in student publishing at least, as I have so often had quoted back to me, it is not a fucking democracy.

My tyrannical plans to conquer the world remain largely unrealised, however, and I must be content with the experiences I have had and the friendships I have made in the course of the year. To each member of the *Woroni* team, my thanks for your time, energy and unflinching good humour; to the contributors, whom I can offer little more, I also

extend my gratitude; to Matt Tinning, the most understanding of publishers, I genuflect and offer my first born child; and to my co-editor, to whom I have said so much: my apologies, my appreciation, my respect and my love.

### Helen Drew

News Editor

I joined *Woroni* so that in my final year I could feel young and hip again. Instead I found myself characterised as an earth mother figure, Andrea Zuckerman or Princess Margaret. I suppose that's what you get for working with a bunch of people who are too young to remember the original version of "Funky Town". It has all been rather fun though, and I now regard the *Woroni* team as my second family — even if they are completely dysfunctional. Although thanking everyone could get rather sentimental and tawdry I guess I'll do it for form's sake.

Thanks to Corin for telling me the stories of her life and loves, Stephen for being mostly charming, Brendan for making me laugh and for reassuring me that kids from big families can be cool, Katie for some extremely long late night phone calls, Peter for constantly reminding me that I had a thesis due, Jane for giving me the thesis pep talk as I was crying into my hot chocolate and Paul for bringing me to a greater understanding of the indie pop scene.

Thankyou to all the contributors who helped fill the news and opinion pages this year; you made the phrase 'campus news' less of an oxymoron than it sometimes seemed. Special thanks to star reporter Michael Cook who edited news for issue 9.

### Katie Fraser

Culture Editor

This year at *Woroni* was a bit of a surprise

for me, seeing as I was just a shy cool girl on a bike with no friends until I met the *Woroni* gang, aka G-Förce. But then the fun really started, when I learned how to use Pagemaker, and e-mail, and Corin taught me to improve my dashwork. With late nights and smokes on the balcony and eerie love triangles, *Woroni* kick started my life and helped me lose 12 kilos in just 5 weeks.

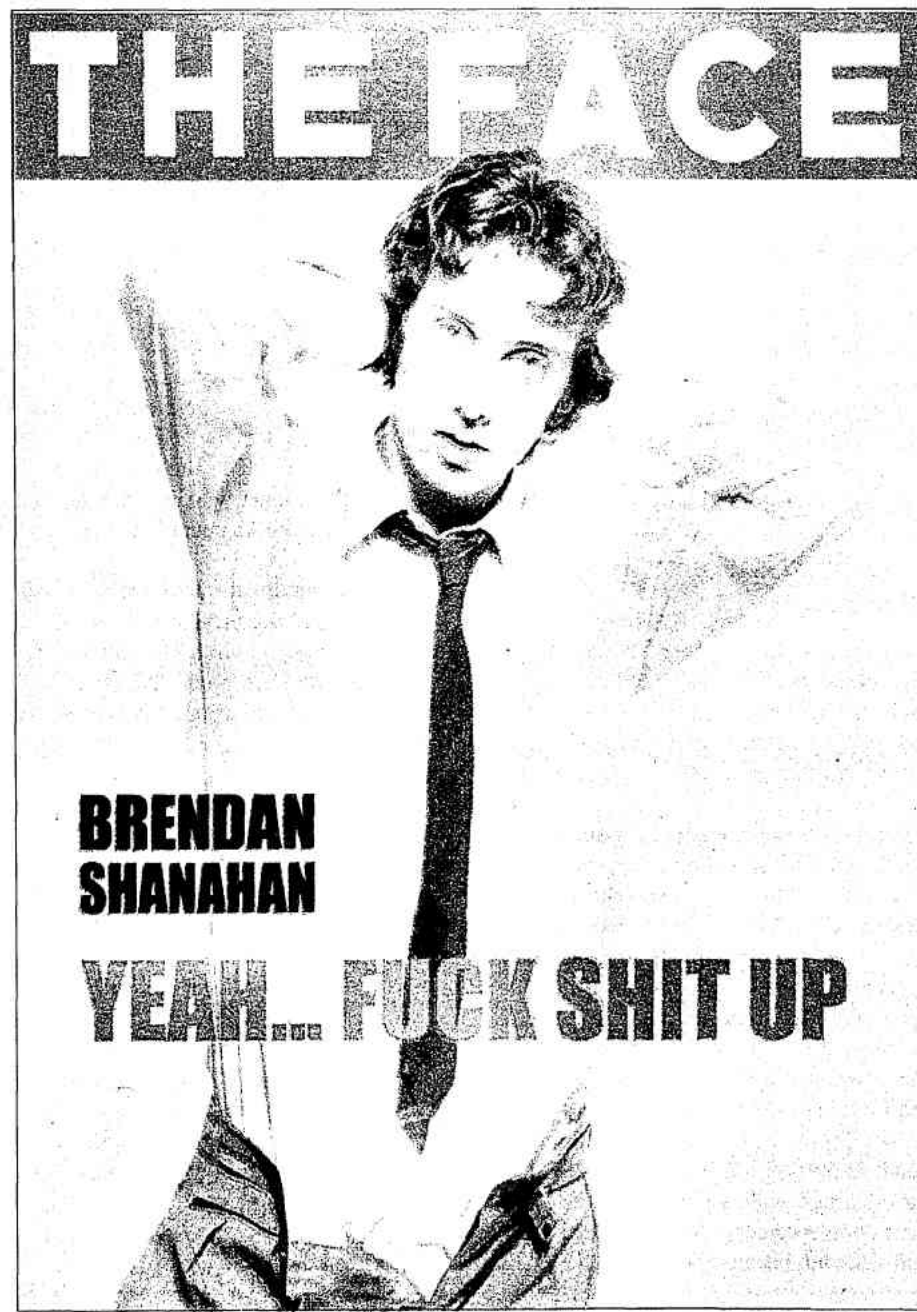
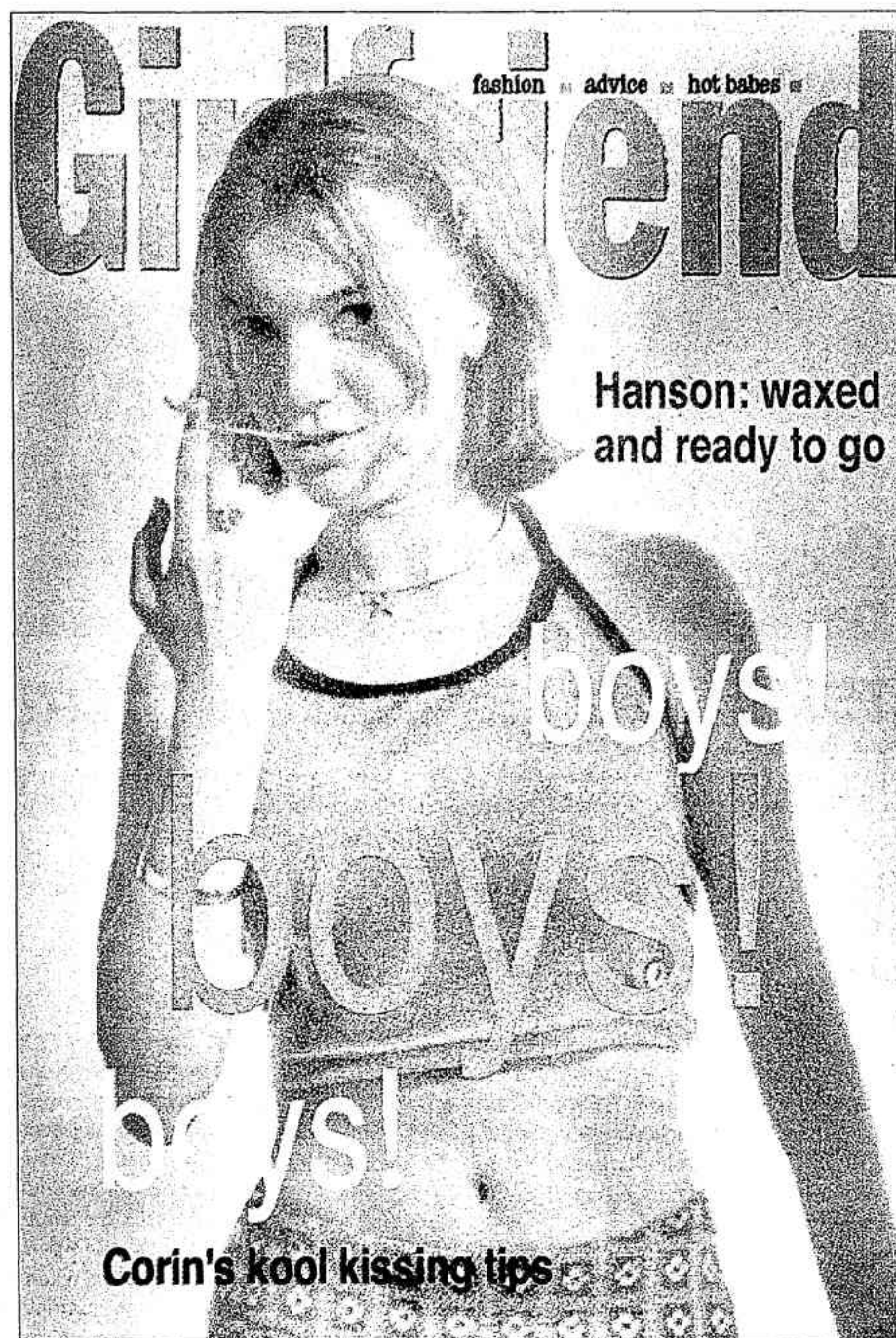
The best thing about this year was the *Woroni* team, from the cynical Brendan Shanahan to the zen Corin Throsby; from the megalomaniac Stephen Rebikoff ("this is not a fucking democracy"), to my earth mother, healing guru Helen Drew, and my favourite purple haired guy, Paul Harris. I love you'se all.

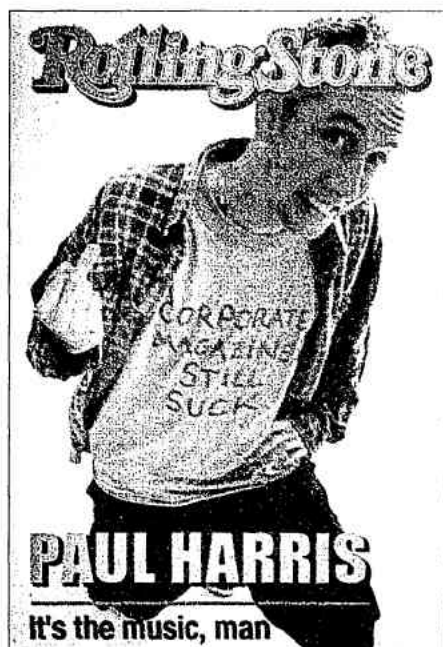
I suppose I should also thank my tireless reviewers, especially those who did reviews for me on a day's notice; and all the record companies and publishers who sent me endless free cds and books; and, most important of all, my tireless editors-in-chief, Corin and Stephen. I'll be back next year and I just hope that I can do as good a job as they did. And most of all, I hope that I get to sleep with my co editor-in-chief. See you there Brendan.

### Brendan Shanahan

Lick It Up Editor

In the past year the biggest lesson that I have learnt is how boring people really can be. I don't understand how a generation raised on the anthem "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" can have so easily forgotten the lesson that sex-kitten Cindy Lauper taught us. The Students' Association must be run by the most boring people in years — the laughs never seem to be coming exactly thick and fast. I mean where are all the people who just want to jerk around at uni? Why does everyone from the Sexuality Department to Resistance seem to take themselves so bloody seriously?





Lick It Up always tried to be simply a celebration of fun, so I'd particularly like to thank all those craaaazy cats who contributed in order to make it a beacon of kook on a high sea of Platonic thought. Sarah Hutchings, whose insights into the mind of 80s glam-rock via the character of Richard Marx, deserves a special thanks for being so reliable.

The UCAN man is another whose work shall not be forgotten at the setting of the sun and Biddy Marone's cartoons are the best counter point to the aesthetics of beige which seem to dominate this university that I have ever seen. Dean and Rob and their gifted author will be back next year and so will I — to run the whole thing with Katie. So Aloha kids, and for fuck's sake stop taking yourselves so seriously.

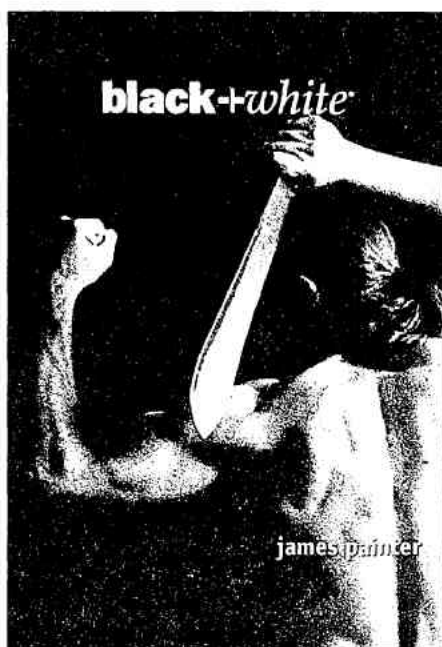
### Jane Stratton Lifestyle Editor

Despite my best efforts to emulate Tonia Todman, I feel that there is room for improvement in my performance. My year of flirting with *Woroni* was intended as a diversion from Honours. However, now that the year has flown by, I can only say that being allowed to dress up as Tonia and strut my stuff on the cover of *Family Circle* was the realisation of a long held desire. I never thought that I could reconcile my feminist theory seminars with my Lifestyle pages — I am not sure that I can. If nothing else, I can retire from service content with my gloriously indulgent junket at Chairman and Yip — the only food review I wrote. So, with tongue planted firmly in cheek, it's ciao, ciao from me darlings until next season!

### Paul Harris Office Manager

Fulfilling (or not, as the case may be) my myriad duties in the role of Office Manager this year has been a pleasure and a thrill. When, early in the year, I was asked to fill the big clumpy shoes of the outgoing office boy, I was a little unsure as to whether I possessed the necessary skills and humility. I'm still not sure, but have nevertheless had quite a time of it. While the world of student journalism is glamorous and exciting, there is always a role for the small-minded — someone to answer the phone, send faxes, pay bills and just hang around far more than is necessary while never actually working very hard. Which is what I did for most of 1997. Fun, eh?

Um... yeah. I can now tell the difference between the three different kinds of hyphen, have learned which envelopes not to lick, have developed a highly professional phone manner, and, because I open the mail, have



scored all the good cds to review. What a life. And nothing really terrible has happened... well, I haven't been sacked anyway. So thanks to the two idiots who presented me with the job in the tea-break of an English tute — good call. And, if you (dear reader) have actually read this far, I'm sure you'll agree that *Woroni* hasn't been half bad this year. Cheers.

### James Painter Art Director

Although I usually let images speak for me it's time I contributed a few words as well. This year, my first at university, has been enriched through my involvement in *Woroni*. I have enjoyed the distraction from serious study and advise others to seek the same. There are only two apologies I would like to make. First, to the two young women whom I photographed at the uni bar for an article on drugs. Sorry! Secondly, to all those artists, illustrators and designers whose work we appropriate all too often. I would like to thank the editing team, who are the real art directors, and all those contributing articles, images and time. I hope in the future this publication can continue to provide a voice for all those university students who want to be heard.

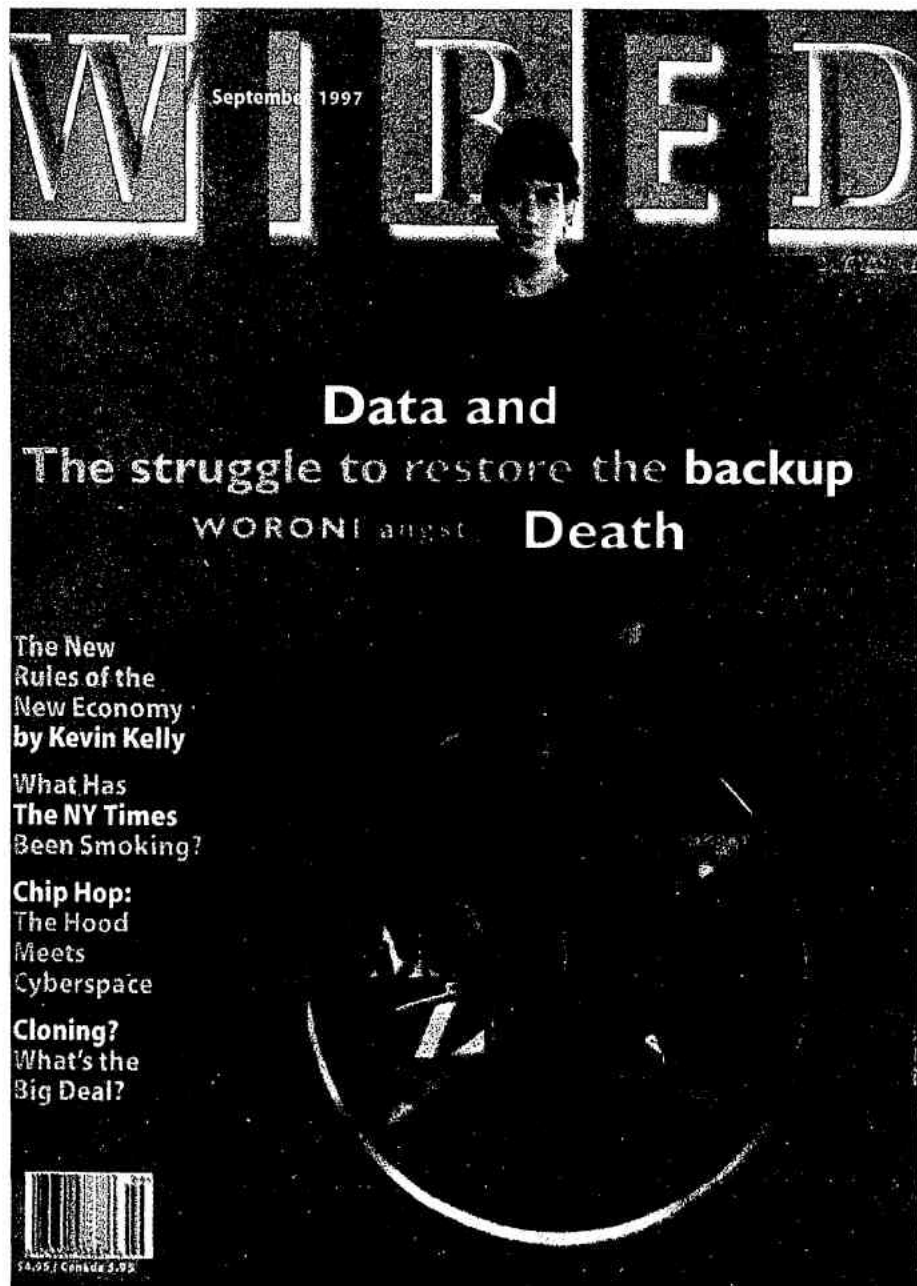
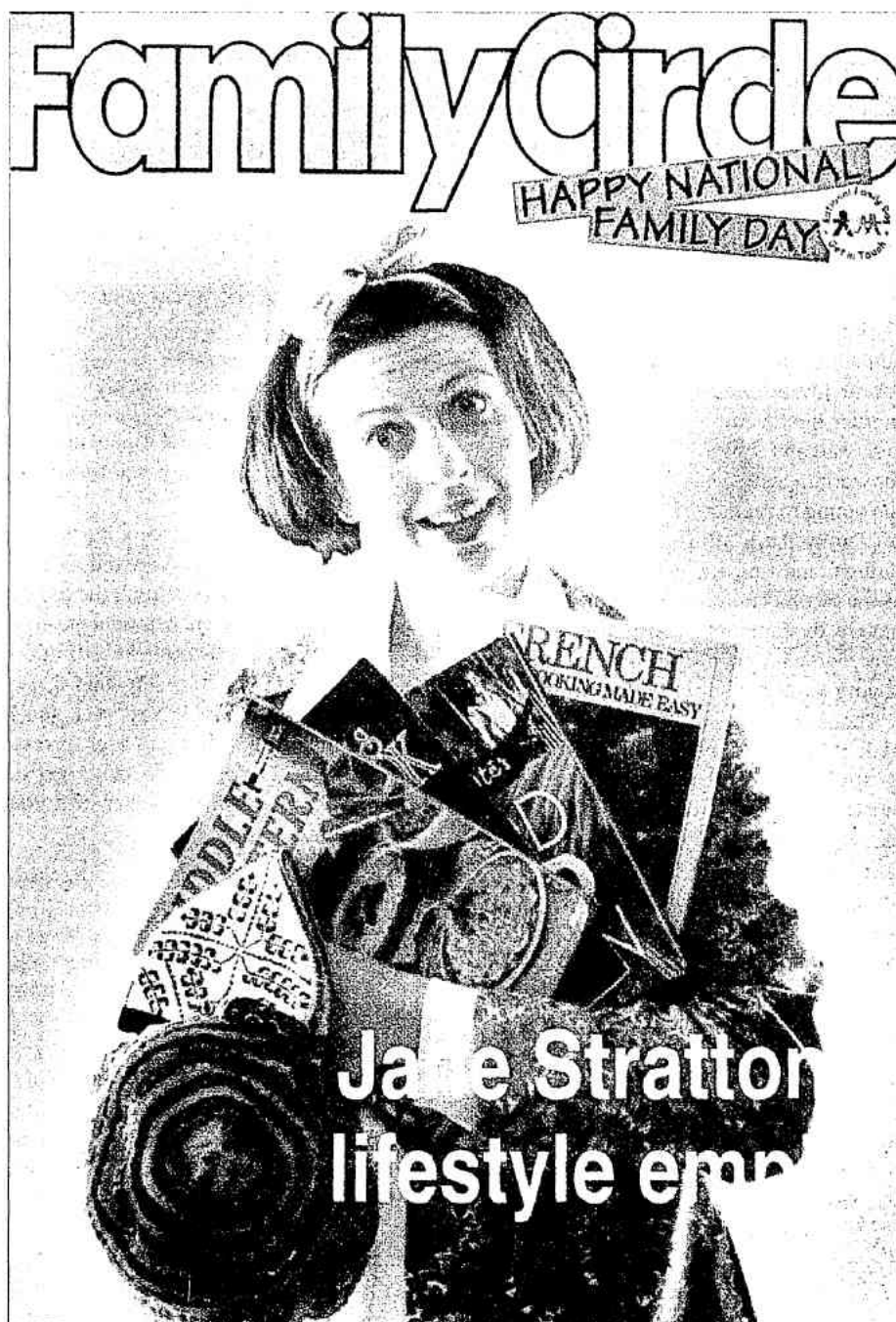
### Peter Still Advertising Manager

I was appointed as *Woroni's* residential 'techno-slut' (Editor-elect Janina Jankowski's term) at the end of 1994. Very soon I found myself in the position of an Advertising Manager who also had responsibility for the smooth operation of *Woroni's* computers.

1995 was significant as the first year in which the paper was presented to the printer in an entirely digital form. This practice has continued, and I am proud to have helped in its establishment. It has diverted editorial attention from scissors and paste to more important things.

This has been reflected in the quality of the paper. A subsidiary issue is that of meeting the spiralling costs of computer hardware and software and printing. It is therefore to be hoped that the high levels of advertising bookings and support of the Students' Association of recent years will be maintained.

My time working on *Woroni* has been extremely rewarding. Experience over the last three years has taught me that the paper is often taken seriously (in spite of the inevitable controversies) by members of the wider community and the University administration as well as students. Hopefully, this tradition will be maintained.



## Attention All Women.

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McGill University - Canada  
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Units passed while on exchange may be credited to your ANU degree. The opportunity may be used to expand your ANU studies or to investigate new areas of interest.

Participating students will be enrolled for an ANU degree, will have a Credit average or better and be prepared to cover the cost of travel and accommodation while overseas.

While on exchange students incur their normal HECS liability.

Applications should be submitted on the appropriate form to the International Office, Chancery Annex by **5pm 29th October 1997**. Interviews will be held over 3rd and 4th November 1997.

### For further information contact

Ms Priscilla Wadham  
International Relations Officer  
International Education Office  
Ph 6279 8106

Dr Mervyn Aston  
Academic Adviser for  
Exchanges  
Faculty of Science Office  
Ph 6249 3539

# LICK IT UP r a i n



## Our Richard Marx in: Knockin' on Heaven's door

"Goin' down in a blaze of glory..." blasted from the tape deck. Richard was on a long road to nowhere... and the devil was ridin' pillion. Nothin' had made a whole lotta sense since he'd been evicted by the landlord to his heart... and now he was gonna pay the rent.

By an eerie coincidence, Jovi was on that same long road. He couldn't see much, his Ray Bans fogged by the tears that never ceased to spill from his eyes. "Marxco, Marxco, wherefore art thou, Marxco?" he croaked and revved his Harley.

Too late Richard spotted that lone motorcyclist. Their eyes met as Jovi landed on Richard's windscreen. Marxie had remembered to put on his seatbelt and suffered only a mild case of whiplash. He leapt out of the car, took Jovi into his arms, lifted his face to the cloudless sky and howled. Clutching Jovi's chest, he felt a hard shape in the top pocket of his one-and-only's leather jacket. Wild with grief, he took out the vial and gulped down the amber liquid.

A tear from Richard's eye had fallen on Jovi's cheek, and that magical substance blessed Jovi with life again. He opened his eyes and saw Marxie lying on the dusty ground, the empty urine sample still clutched in his fist. In the distance, he heard the wail of a police siren. He fumbled in his boot. "Oh happy dagger!" he exclaimed, holding up the swiss army knife Richard had given him to aid in their boy scout fantasy. He found the corkscrew attachment and twisted it into his chest.

When the boys in blue arrived they saw the two rock stars entwined in their dusty open-air grave. They removed their hats, aware that they were in the presence of true love.

Meanwhile, Marxie and Jovi rose groggily to their feet. "Where are we?" they ex-

claimed. When they turned to each other they could barely contain themselves. Richie wore a skin tight white leotard with cut-outs around the nipples. Jovi was skimpily attired in white leather pants, their drawstring loosening in promise.

Before they had a chance to admire each other more closely, they perceived figures with hands outstretched approaching from the mist around them.

"Freddie!" cried Richard.

"Jimi!" cried Jovi.

"Jimi!" cried Richard.

"Janis!" cried Jovi.

A distorted electric guitar sounded and all the figures turned. The mist cleared.

Descending an ivory staircase, still dressed in the orange pantsuit that had been his funeral garb, came a rock star who had enjoyed fame of a similar size to Marxie.

"It's T-Rex!" cried Richie.

"Hi fellas, I'm Marc Bolan, of T-Rex fame. I ain't no square with my corkscrew hair and have therefore been chosen to welcome you." He draped the two rockers with long silver capes and handed them each a white guitar.

"What is this place?" questioned Jovi.

"I think that's fairly obvious", said Marxie condescendingly. "We're in rock 'n' roll heaven." And the two lovers ascended the stairway to heaven, swigging Beam handed to them in crystal bottles with silk labels.

Back on earth, the winters grew longer and flowers weren't quite so quick to bloom. But occasionally in the sky a hot pink and black rainbow formed, and the people smiled as they remembered those star-crossed lovers and forgot that there were quite a few stories of more woe than that of Joviet and his Marxco.

—SARAH HUTCHINGS

Got a spare minute? Then why not take our 60 second...

## Pat Benatar Quiz!

Here goes:

In the space of 60 seconds, name 5 Pat Benatar songs. (Be honest about the time allowed — if you cheat you're only cheating yourself!)

How did you go?

Hit Me With Your Best Shot (2 points)

We Live For Love (4 points cool song)

Sex As A Weapon (2 points)

We Belong (3 points)

All Fired Up (1 point — dud cover)

Love Is A Battlefield (1 point — too easy. But you get a bonus 5 points if you dance like she does in the video right now. Go on, don't be shy!)

Any of her other songs (5 points each unless it's from her 'Gravity's Rainbow' album in which case 1 point each for being kinda lame).

Scoring

0 points: Either you know nothing of Pat Benatar or you choked. Next time you have a 60 second quiz, relax, take your time — maybe use the first few seconds to take some deep breaths or make yourself comfortable before you start.

1 point: You know "Love Is A Battlefield" and you're too chicken to dance like her

2-5 points: Kinda ordinary.

6-12 points: At some point in your life you have paid some attention to either FM radio or rock video programs or both.

13-25 points: You are the possible owner of *All Fired Up: The Very Best of Pat Benatar*

26 points: Nice dancing!

## Aloha Innovations: it's been fun!

This month sees the ultimate tribute to the *Innovations* catalogue. For years the catalogue *raisonne* of modern life that is *Innovations* has arrived, mysteriously, in many of our homes. How did *Innovations* get to where it is? Who the fuck orders anything from it and how the hell did it get into my house with such alarming regularity? Did I put my name down unwittingly on some long-forgotten list saying "Yes! Send me this crap with monotonous regularity until I became mind numbingly induced to buy the Kegelesor"?

Whatever the case I know now that I keenly await the new *Innovations* catalogue with its crisp smell of plastic and bleached, shiny paper. Thus I have decided to profile some of our very favourite *Innovations* pieces from over the years.

The "Knight Hawke Micro-Torch" has been a favourite item of mine for some time now. Often I'll be driving in the evening, having trouble viewing the tape deck controls when the Micro Torch, quite simply, comes to the rescue. Not only does its amber light not interfere with my night vision

goggles, as discovered by the men in Desert Storm (having similar trouble with their tape decks), but it is so much more compact than the "5000 candles" I used to have strapped to my index finger to do the same job.

The "Giant Super Pool" stands on its own. Why not fill it with warm goats milk for that extra pampering. The couple in the commercial have also plainly discovered that pools should not be restricted to outdoor use only. Why not immerse pieces of furniture in its embracing warmth for that "get your home back to the womb" feel.

And finally the combination of furniture and wild jungle energy that we've all been waiting for — the charming "Cat Table". "Imagine", as the advertisement proclaims, "a pair of them in a conservatory or patio, peeping out through your plants or palms!". Golly, imagine could you imagine that! This piece is diplomatically described as "interesting" — what more can we say. It looks like a piece of shit but someone's bought it.

*Innovations* 1997 — we're gonna miss yoos guys.



### Night Hawk Micro Torch Developed for the US Army

Strapped to the fingers of helicopter pilots in the Gulf War, these tiny torches were powerful enough to illuminate their controls as they flew - yet the strategic beam of eye-friendly amber light didn't compromise their night vision. Now you can enjoy the same benefits as these Desert Storm pilots, with 5,000 candlepower attached to your finger whenever you need it. Try it in your own 'cockpit' when you're trying to follow a map at night. Or use it when you're outdoors camping, boating or fishing. The high-tech LED bulb never needs changing, and the 2 x 1.5V batteries supplied will provide up to 14 hours of continuous light. It's great fun and makes an interesting present.

Night Hawk Light Code NHLL ONLY \$49

### Striking Cat Table A decorative conversation piece



This unique Table is hand carved from solid timber, making each one an individual work of art. It features stylised stripes, cute feline features and a tail which can point in any direction. The table is very easy to assemble - the legs and tail simply slot into pre-cut holes, and it stands secure, ready to hold drinks, books, a plant, photographs or ornaments. Or you may prefer to feature the Cat as a decorative sculpture in any room in the home - or imagine a pair of them in a conservatory or patio, peeping out through your plants or palms! Of course, if there are children in your house you can expect the Cat Table to creep into their room - and what better or more practical pet could you hope for? Measuring 50 x 35 x 15cm, it's one animal which will be welcome in every home!

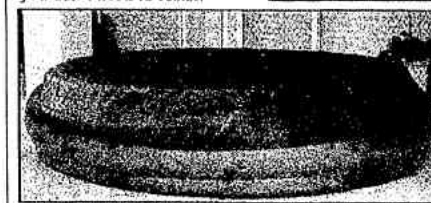
Use this unusual decorative piece as a table or ornament

Cat Table Code CATT ONLY \$39.90

### Giant Super Pool Great for the family for less than \$200

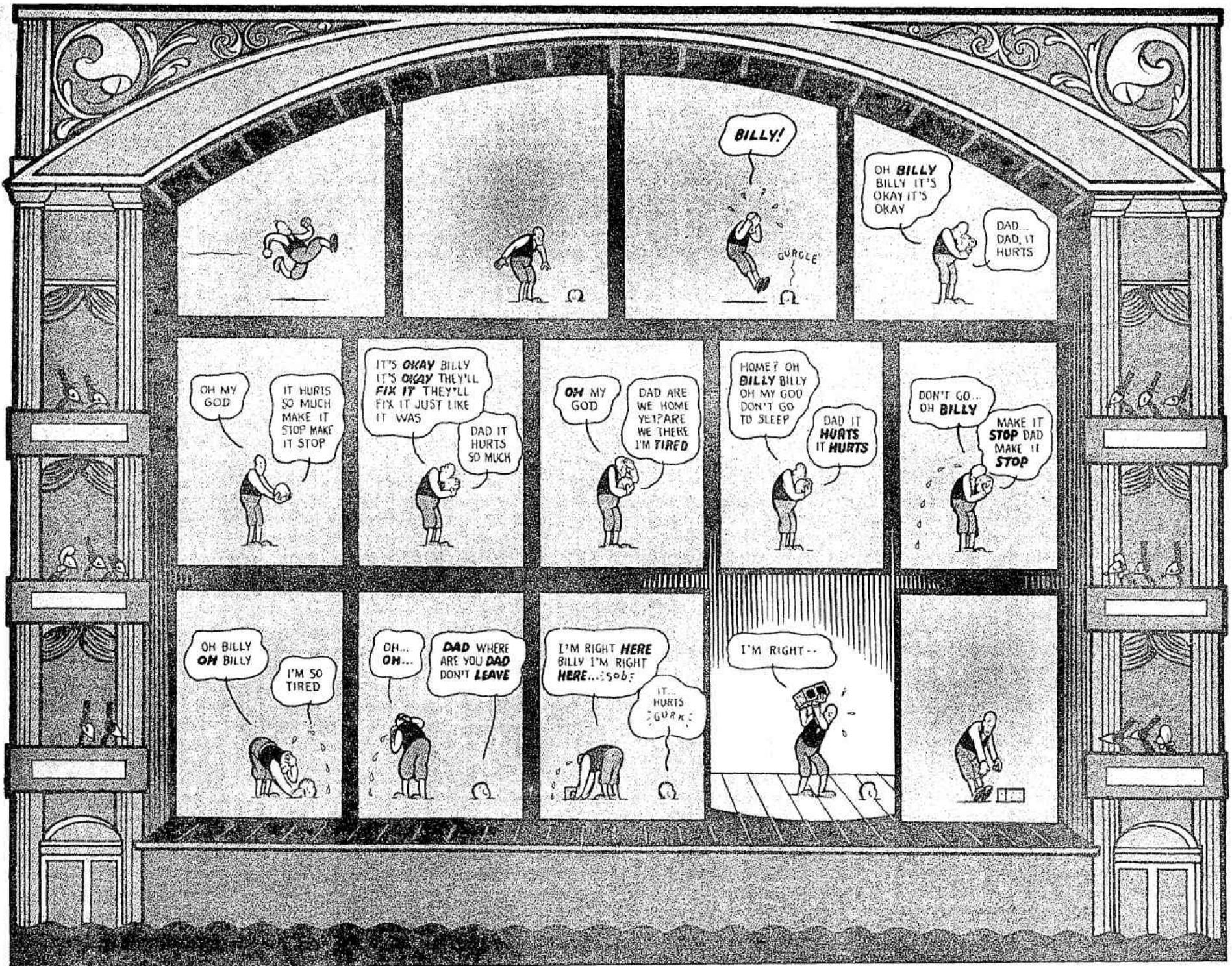


Why spend another summer wishing you could afford a swimming pool? This one can be inflated with a foot pump, air compressor or a vacuum cleaner on reverse. It measures a generous 235cm in diameter and 73cm high and really is big enough for the whole family to cool off in the hot weather and share the fun of games in the water. And, at just \$199, it's fun most families can afford. The Pool is designed to stand up to most wear and tear of everyday use - it's constructed from tough and resilient 22 gram vinyl, and comes complete with its own repair kit in case of accidents. It also has a full-size cover to keep the water clean overnight, or when the pool isn't in use. At the end of summer, you won't have any worries about pool maintenance - ours folds away to just 70 x 71 x 30cm for easy storage. This is luxury you don't need to resist!



Comes with a full-size cover to keep the water clean overnight

Blow-up Pool Code BUPO  
ONLY \$199 or \$49.75 x 4 mths



### Your problems solved: with Dean and Rob from *The Curiosity Show*

Dear Dean and Rob,  
Listening to the news this morning, I heard about Bob Carr's insane proposal for an anti-gang legislation. This legislation, if passed, will give police officers the power to break up and arrest youths who are "roaming" in packs of more than three individuals.

I am deeply alarmed. I am 16 years old and a student at a private school for girls. Every Saturday night my group (which consists of seven, but we don't really like Sarah and Jessie at the moment!) walk around Manuka together for about 4 hours, sometimes we have coffee at one of the cafes and all of us share one piece of cake. (We can't get in to the Ranch!) We all dress the same, speak the same way, and go out with guys that look the same. Does this mean we are a gang, will we be arrested?  
Ally Ritchie, Year 10

Dear Ally,  
Both Dean and myself were also concerned about the recent legislation proposal. As youngsters we were always traipsing around the town with a couple from school — the science teacher and his wife would keep Dean and myself talking for hours, almost until 10:00pm once! Ally, I don't think you have too much to worry about, but could I suggest



that you take it in turns wearing job chains!

What I would also like you to do is spare a thought for the largest "gang like" posse in Canberra. That's right, Questacon Explainers! If there is anyone under threat of being arrested for suspicion of gang activity it's these guys and gals! Dean and myself have had a couple of run ins with this intellectual force.

They all wear those blue coats, stonewash jeans and very white sneakers. They all hang around together making your life hell if you make an incorrect assumption about the properties of inert gasses. (Dean will never forget that episode of Q-Show I can tell you!) They all date fellow explainers and are often under the guidance of a leader. They are usually appointed to this position if they are marginally cooler than everyone else and have at least one friend outside of Questacon. If you ever come across these individuals take caution because they have bouncing putty and I can guarantee that they know how to use it.

Until then Ally,  
Keep Exploring Your World



jason richardson  
*just think of running water*  
1996



# LIFESTYLE i t ' s m y

## Travel



(above) Fun ahoy on the *Young Endeavour*

## Young endeavours

Question: "So what made you come on the *Young Endeavour* for a ten day sea adventure?" Answer: "I came to see the sea... cause it's too bloody hard to see from Alice Springs, eh!"

The whole group cracked up laughing. Like Scotty, a twenty year old boiler-maker who was seeking something a bit different and challenging out of life, all twenty-four of us had trekked to Cairns from all over Australia for a sail-training course aboard this 44 metre tall ship. Most of us could distinguish the bow from the stern. Some of us had sailed on little catamarans and yachts before. But none of us could even imagine what a brilliant experience lay ahead.

I looked around at the 12 male and 11 other female faces on deck. Conversations about how to pee straight into the bowl during rough seas and whether or not we'd be fed Spam everyday were being avidly discussed. Others were staring nervously at the mast, probably trying to establish just how far you have to climb when you "go aloft".

Life at sea is a world away from the cushy lifestyle of the average uni student. Instead of sipping cappuccinos, checking email or photocopying missed lecture notes. At, say, 11am you'd be enjoying a hard earned "brew" (salty sea-dog talk for a hot drink), having woken at 4am to "be on watch", help tack the ship, eat a 6am breakfast and do "cleaning stations". Here were a bunch of young people aged from 16 to 23 and the amazing thing was that nobody complained once about missing *The Simpsons*, not getting phone calls, or having no beer to drink. (Well... maybe just once about the beer). Everyone gets completely engrossed in living the new lifestyle at sea, and there are many good reasons for this.

First, the sail-training. Prior to

boarding the ship, each "youth crew member" was sent a handbook containing lots of sailing jargon and pretty diagrams of the ship. At that stage, I was familiar with the terms, "land ahoy", "all hands on deck" and "man (or is it now 'person') overboard" — but they weren't even in the handbook! Rather, we were struck with seemingly incomprehensible phrases such as "Let draw 'tween mast staysails" and "Down slack lee braces". But thanks to the eight 'staffies' (Royal Australian Navy



(above) "Going aloft"

members who broke loose), who were highly motivated, down to earth and the perfect catalysts for fun, learning this stuff was all a game. After just a few days, nearly everyone seemed to have caught on to the novel language.

Sailing on the *Young Endeavour* was intensive. Mentally demanding at times, because you were trying to grasp sailing skills that were constantly being taught, as well as trying to master a new way of communicating. Physically demanding because your normal sleeping pattern was considered only for "landlubbers", so the combination of taking turns to do four hour shifts around the clock and actually flexing your muscles

to change the sails, climb up masts etc was not for 'softies'. Actually, that's not entirely true. There were numerous people who weren't used to doing much physical exercise but found themselves grabbing the chance to surprise others — and more importantly themselves.

On the first night, my group was on watch from midnight to 4am. Our 'staffie', a lively bloke known as Hector (who would smile cheekily when we taunted him with "Hector, Hector, the mighty groin protector") announced that the challenge was on for us to "go aloft to the topgallant yard". Given the fact that it was the middle of the night, the ship was moving, the wind was up and the mast light wasn't exactly glowing as brightly as you'd hope, it seemed insane to climb to the highest point on the foresail. Five minutes later though, with sweaty palms and adrenalin rushing, all eight of us were perched at the top with goofy, elated grins on our proud faces. The adrenalin-junkies amongst us were even to 'moon the moon' the following night!

Making absolutely awesome friends was the other main highlight of the voyage. When you're put in situations where you not only share triple bunks and comfort the seasick (and maybe even clean up their spew if you're lucky!), but also come to rely heavily on people in threatening/challenging situations; some kind of elusive, extraordinary friendships inevitably develop. It was so valuable to really get to know people from really varied backgrounds with dissimilar aspirations and values. On the *Young Endeavour* there was a great sense of classlessness, and a lack of pretence and competition — everyone just wanted to have fun and see just how far much they could challenge themselves.

—JOHANNA STRATTON

## foreign correspondent

Nigel Snoad  
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## Friday night in Santa Fe

His elbow hit me in the ear. It wasn't a gentle, kind-of-caressing brush-with-the-ear that you might get from a close friend (who just happened to have an elbow at that height), but more of a vicious uncontrolled whack that competed with the fireworks going off overhead for sensory dominance. A bloody good thumping from a drunken shirt-less Latino guy that left me kind of dazed and more than a little confused as to what was going on.

*Tom, tum tum tum. Tom, tum tum tum...*

Actually I sort of knew what was going on — as much as anyone did at that moment. I was in a baseball ground at night, crushed in the midst of forty-thousand frenzied people, all shouting in unison at the top of their lungs: "Burn him, burn him, burn him..."

A hundred drums were pounding on that special place at the base of my skull, and pushing at my chest in time with my heartbeat.

*Tom, tum tum tum. Tom, tum tum tum. Tom, tum tum tum...*

The light from bonfires and the burning torches held aloft on the stage ahead of me lit the glistening, sweating, shirtless bodies of the drunken, stoned, shitfaced, hypnotised mass as we jumped, swayed and most of all screamed with all our might, "Burn him, burn him, burn him..."

We had been there for what seemed like hours, pressed together to the point of not being able to breathe, gasping, sweating, touching, waiting for the pinnacle of the week long Festival de Santa Fe — the burning of Zozobra to take away our fears and sins.

From up behind the stage came an almighty moan that rattled my intestines, that mingled with a heart beating to a rhythm not all its own. We screamed louder, in hope, in anticipation, in anger, for release, as the half-naked fire priests on stage twirled faster and faster — finally holding their flames aloft towards the blue/black/red fluorescent figure towering, looming a hundred feet above them, above all of us. Zozobra's 20ft high face was set in the rictus of a smile, a Shining clown's almost grin that snarled in contempt at the masses below, all hollering for its destruction. We rose again and again into what must be, what had to be, a final, ultimate frenzy, a sub-super-vocal rending mob scream commanding them to "Burn him, burn him, BURN HIM!"

They lit it — the dancing flames reaching out and touching wires, cords that flamed in spitting fireworks up and up and up towards the towering figure, its 30 ft arms waving wildly, the huge, evil white head tilting from side to side, eyes rolling as the moans came piercingly again. Then the flames reached its head.

I could have sworn that I could shout no louder, but somehow a throat tearing yell escapes from me and blends into the tens of thousands of others, building to an incoherent, overpowering blast of emotion. I get hit again, by a fist on the nose this time, a blow dissolved in the frenzy. I thrash too, arms pumping above my head, reaching, grasping, pushing. Zozobra's head explodes in shooting stars that burst upwards to make a curtain of fire. Huge flames leap out, obscuring the smile, which has withered and melted down to a grimace of hate and fear. Someone jumps on my foot. Within seconds its whole body is alight — orange, blue, red, green balls of brilliant light bursting, twisting, writhing, upwards and out, sending such waves of heat into the crowd that we all, as one, turn and take a step back from the searing, eyebrow crisping, blinding heat, stumbling, falling, terrified.

*Tom, tum tum tum, tum tum tum tum, Tom!*

And then, with all our sighs rising upwards with the smoke to the glistening obscured stars far, far above, it is over. Old man gloom, or Zozobra as he was incarnated tonight, has burnt and taken our fears and our misplaced sins with him, up into the night, as he has on a thousand nights. All that is left is a baseball field filled with thousands upon thousands of half drunk, half hung-over people — locals, near-locals and tourists, all desperate to escape from the crowd, the crowd that was them. A crowd that now contains the bemusing, amusing, frightening memories of who they were and what they yelled for along with the rest. The shared ritual of the Festival de Santa Fe — Hispanic, black, native, white, all as one sweaty, drunk and stoned mass; all clamouring, desperate for the burning of the ritual vessel of all our unplumbed fears, our darkest private sins — the burning of Zozobra. Not a bad way to spend a Friday night.

# food



(above) It is rumoured that Chairman Mao himself was partial to the occasional baked pear

## eating out

### The Chairman holds court

Chairman and Yip is a complete dining experience. It is not one you could normally afford on a student budget, but with Mum and Dad soon due in town, why not give it a go? The setting is beautiful, and created for a separate dining experience — your evening will be what you make of it. The service is sublime, smooth and unobtrusive. The staff definitely know how to ply their craft. And it is a craft — the menu and wine list are well thought out. They can provide you with a sample of a little of both food

and wine for a journey through the culinary world of a hybrid Asian-meets-Western cuisine. Don't be afraid to ask for advice — the staff can help customise your meal/banquet to a budget or to any taste.

Chairman and Yip offers a wide variety of specials at any time — at the moment, they are offering various banquets for lunch or dinner which range in price from \$11 to \$55 a head.

You can indulge in their suggested wine list too, which assures you of a real sampling of great Australian wines that complements your food. Another great idea is their Steamboat Party for three or more people, where everyone can participate in the cooking experience (\$36.50 a head). A real love of food and an effort to inculcate a communal and fun dining experience shines through in their menu and banquet offerings.

We began our evening with prawn and pork dumplings with chilli oil, and the food just got better. The duck pancakes with pine nuts and Chinese spinach (\$7.50) were of the melt-in-mouth calibre. And the food kept coming — how does this strike you? Saint Helen's Oysters of gigantuan proportions, steamed in black bean and chilli; Tasmanian Scallops in lemon grass and kaffir lime; Bean Curd and Aubergine with plum, chilli, and garlic hotpot (\$12.50); Grain Fed King Island Beef and Scallop hotpot; Wok Seared Balmain Bugs with Hong Kong Spicy Salt.

The food was light and delicious, and the various wines with which we were indulged complemented the food beautifully. To top it off we tried the panna cotta with passionfruit and poached pears with expresso marscapone (\$7.50) and our evening was complete.

The Chairman and Yip, and its sister establishment, Madam Yip's in Dickson, have become standard bearers of a rising level of excellence in eating out in Canberra, and their reputation is deserved.

If creating an impression on Mum and Dad, or that special someone, is your aim, Chairman

and Yip is the place to go — if nothing else, the art on the walls (made by the dish-hand) will stimulate conversation. And the handpainted menus and plates (which are changed regularly) are a talking point too. The atmosphere is comfortable and relaxed yet sophisticated, and the chairs are comfy. It may appear to be a citadel of pretension from the street, but it is a friendly and open establishment, where it is OK to laugh to one's content. We had a fantastic night, and you should not leave Canberra without treating yourself to a special night out at Chairman and Yip, where the aim is to please in a friendly and down-to-earth way, with a touch of style, attention to detail and a commitment to excellence. The owner, Josiah Li, has much to be proud of — Chairman and Yip is arguably the best Canberra has to offer. Bookings are essential.

—JANE STRATTON & JAMES PAINTER

**Chairman and Yip**  
**Address:** 108 Bunda Street, Civic  
**Ph:** 6248 7109  
**Average Prices:**  
 Tapas: \$7  
 Mains: \$15.50  
 Banquets:  
 (lunch) \$11-\$22 a head  
 (dinner) \$28-\$35 a head;  
 Gourmet Banquet \$55 plus.  
 Open for lunch and dinner seven days a week.

## campus look



Megan is a postgrad and a Technical Assistant in Photomedia at the CSA. She is dressed to kill in a fur skirt from Darwin; a 'Manga' tee from Renegade; an Atelier shirt; Mossimo sunglasses; a gothic leather bag from Paddington markets, and purple suede sneakers from Sydney. Her Dark Tulip 'Directions' hair colour tops off the eclectic ensemble.

## eating in

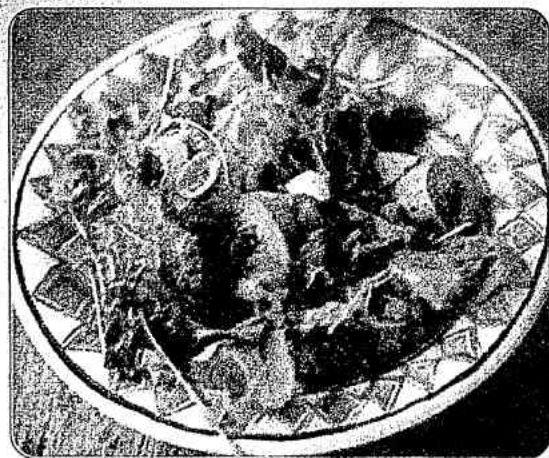
### Ode on a Grecian Salad

There is very little else that satisfies the taste buds in the way that salad does. Salad can be a boring pile of green, or an explosion of tastes that makes you want more. Terry Durack knows how to make a good salad — here is his Greek Salad for you to try for yourselves.

- Ingredients:**
- 1 cos lettuce
  - 200 grams of fetta cheese
  - 1 cucumber peeled and seeded
  - 3 ripe tomatoes
  - 1 white onion
  - 10-12 anchovy fillets
  - 80 grams of kalamata olives
  - A little fresh oregano and thyme
  - 125 mL of good olive oil
  - 3 tablespoons of white wine vinegar
  - 1 crushed garlic clove
  - A pinch of salt
  - 1 teaspoon of oil from the anchovies

**Here's How:**

1. Wash the lettuce thoroughly, then chop it



(above) Salad was invented by the Ancient Greeks in 21BC

- roughly into large strips. Put in a large bowl.
  2. Cut the fetta and cucumber into large, bite-sized pieces.
  3. Quarter the tomatoes and add the fetta, cucumber and tomatoes to the bowl.
  4. Halve the onion and slice it thinly. Break up the anchovy fillets with a fork and add the anchovies, onion, olives and fresh herbs to the bowl.
  5. To dress the salad, whisk the olive oil, white wine vinegar and anchovy oil until it emulsifies. Add the crushed garlic, and a pinch of salt. Pour it over the salad and toss with your hands.
- There you have it; a rough and ready Greek salad that makes the mouth water. It really is good — try it.

buying better

# Get a fish up ya

It is too difficult for most students to own pets. Either their landlord is a stingy sourpuss, or their fellow college residents wouldn't appreciate feeling something warm and squishy between the toes on their way to the shower at eight in the morning. Or your flatmates are allergic to furry creatures, and they hate dog turds under the washing line. In other words, dogs, cats and ferrets are out of the question. This leaves you with two choices: small rodents or fish.

There are many advantages of fish over the other pets. You don't need to clean up their inappropriately placed excreta. There is no great accumulation of hair in the summer. You get to retain your favourite position in front of the heater. Fixing holes in the fence is not a full time occupation. Your comfiest couch doesn't smell like a rat's arse, and they don't fart. The greatest advantage of all is the quick and easy disposal of the carcass. You can either flush it down the toilet, or leave it on the porch for some lucky, scavenging beast. If you are really sadistic you can leave them floating upside down in the tank till they bloat and provide food for the other fish.

When purchasing some pet fish there are some important factors to consider:

1. Is there someone there to feed them when you go away on holidays?
2. Are you reliable enough to feed

them regularly?

3. Can the tank be put in a secure enough position so that boisterous and/or drunk friends don't knock them over?

4. Are you prepared to protect them from the neighbourhood cats when you take them for a walk?

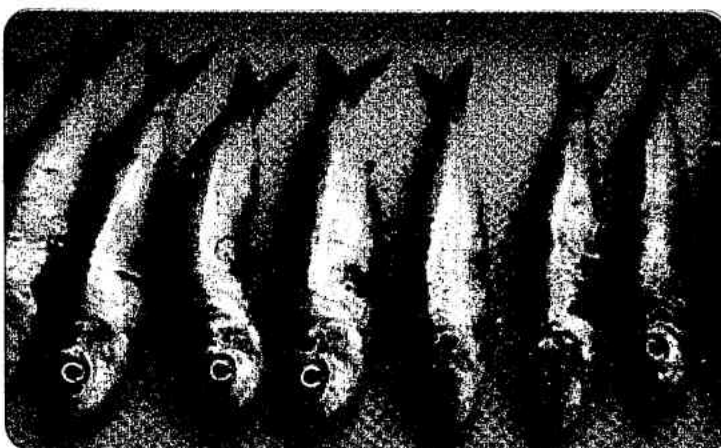
If the answer is yes to all these (except maybe the last one), you are ready to 'go fish'.

The next step in purchasing a fish is knowing what sort of fish you want. In most shops they give you a fairly large choice. The prices range from a dollar fifty for the ever popular and spectacular goldfish, up to a couple of hundred dollars for a rare marine variety.

Most places will sell ten basic fish for around eleven dollars. If you want tropical fish, for example a Siamese fighting fish, you can expect to spend around three to four dollars.

In my travels around Canberra, I found the prices of fish to be pretty standard. The prices of tanks is a different matter. The better and bigger the fish shop the cheaper the prices. The most important thing when buying a fish is the advice you receive, and then the price.

To start off, you can buy a very crappy, plastic fish tank with fish, filter, water conditioner, and food for around twenty-five dollars. Tropical fish need some extra stuff, like heaters and medication. You'd be looking at around fifty dollars



(above) Cold fish

extra for some more exciting colour in your tank. The next step up is a glass tank. A two-foot tank costs around fifty dollars, four feet is around one hundred dollars, and anything larger than that is ridiculously expensive. Then you have to buy bigger filters and decorations to keep the fish happy. All together, if you want a decent tank or bowl, a filter, some goldfish, sand and pebbles, and food, you are looking at around one hundred

dollars, no matter where you go.

Remember, the most important things are the advice given; the general health of the fish when purchased; and the general ease of looking after them. Fish are a lot of fun; in fact they go off like a frog in a sock, the only problem is they cannot remember who you are, and they have a fairly short life span.

— JUM RICHTER

# money

Bates Pets Paradise (Civic)	★★★	★★★★★	★★	★★★
Gem Aquatics (Balconnen)	★★★★★	★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★
Queanbeyan Aquarium & Pet Supplies	★★★★	★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★

## Challenging AUSTUDY decisions

Every year the Student Assistance Centre makes many unfavourable decisions regarding entitlement to AUSTUDY. Not all students are eligible for assistance under the scheme but the rules for determining entitlement are complex and it is often difficult to know whether your application will be accepted. The rules change from time to time which may mean that a student who was eligible for AUSTUDY in one year is not eligible in the next. Unfavourable AUSTUDY decisions are often worth appealing.

### The Appeals System

At the lower levels, the current system for reviewing AUSTUDY decisions is accessible, informal and cost-free. One avenue of appeal involves simply asking the person who made the original decision to look at it again. Where the matter is more complicated, it is most appropriate to request a review by a Review Officer. It is best to do so in writing. The next step in the appeals system is the Social Security Appeals Tribunal. Before making its decision, the Tribunal will conduct an informal hearing during which the Tribunal members ask you questions and ask you to explain why the decision should be changed. The Department is not represented at the hearing but you are able to bring a representative. The Tribunal's job is not to decide what is fair, but to decide the facts of the matter and how the relevant legislation applies to those facts.

It is important to note that appeals to the original decision-maker or a Review Officer should be made within 3 months of the original decision. Appeals to the Social Security Appeals Tribunal should be lodged with the Tribunal within 3 months from the date the student received the decision of the Review Officer. After these time limits

have elapsed an appeal will be considered at the Department's discretion.

Once the Social Security Appeals Tribunal makes its decision and provides written reasons to those involved, the student and the Department both have a right of appeal to the Administrative Appeals Tribunal. Going to the Tribunal is rather like going to Court although it is somewhat less formal and it costs the student nothing.

Following that, the appeal goes to the Federal Court.

### Grounds for Appeal

Here are some examples of appeals handled by the Welfare Rights and Legal Centre which might give you an idea of which grounds may be successful.

**Example 1:** One student's AUSTUDY application had been rejected because he had been studying at the same level for too long. He was enrolled in a 3 year degree course but it had taken him longer than expected to complete that course. He had one year's worth of study to go before he would complete the course. Under the AUSTUDY Regulations, a person cannot receive AUSTUDY if they have already studied at the same level for the time it would normally take to complete the course.

It was argued at the Social Security Appeals Tribunal that the Review Officer had overlooked a vital issue — that when determining how much study a student had already undertaken, subjects from which the student had withdrawn without having a failure recorded should be disregarded. The student had withdrawn from a number of subjects early enough to avoid having failures recorded. This meant that the study time that would count against him was less than four years. The Tribunal accepted this

## legal ease

and decided that the student was entitled to AUSTUDY.

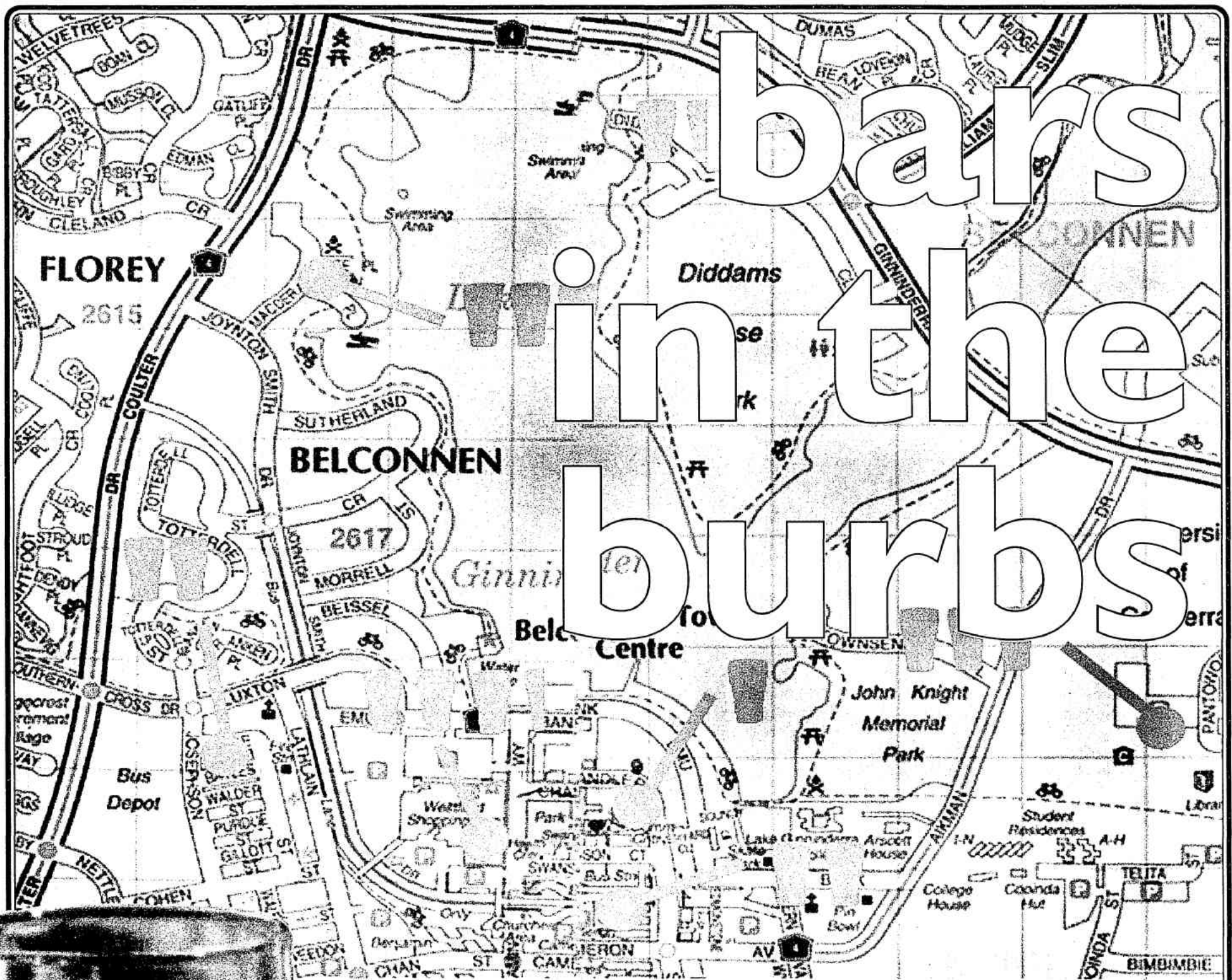
**Example 2:** This student had enrolled in some but not all of the subjects required for the first year of a degree course. She received a form from the university which indicated that she was enrolled as a full-time student. She applied for AUSTUDY on that basis. Her application was accepted and she received AUSTUDY for several months. The Student Assistance Centre checked her enrolment status and found that she was in fact studying part-time which in this case, made her ineligible for AUSTUDY. The Student Assistance Centre asked her to repay her previous AUSTUDY payments. Had she understood that she was a part-time student, she would have applied instead for a Jobsearch Allowance. She appealed to the Social Security Appeals Tribunal. The legislation provides that in certain circumstances, debts can be waived. However, it has to be shown that the student has not deliberately misled or withheld information, and that the case involves special circumstances — the facts that the debt resulted from an innocent mistake caused by misleading information, that she could have applied for a Jobsearch Allowance had she correctly understood her enrolment status, and that she and her young family were struggling financially. The Tribunal decided that the debt should be waived.

If the Student Assistance Centre makes an unfavourable decision regarding your AUSTUDY application you can contact the Welfare Rights and Legal Centre who will investigate your case and give you an opinion as to whether it is worth appealing. The Centre is located at Havelock House, Gould Street, Turner, phone 62472177.

—STEPHEN LANG

# CULTURE

don't you for g e



Canberra is renowned for being a city without pubs, full of tossy bars and cafes, without any soul to speak of. BRENDAN SHANAHAN looks behind the myth and discovers that the beating heart of our fair city lies in its suburbs; Brendie takes a nostalgia trip through the dodgy bars of his mis-spent youth, and you're along for the ride.

Is there any other city in Australia so undeserving of its boring reputation as Canberra? One of the favourite catch cries of the anti-Canberra legion is that it has the worst night-life in Australia. To these people I would simply ask "Have you ever been to Wollongong?". Let's face it, the concept that Canberra is dead must be patently untrue when we consider the high ratio of bars to population that Canberra seems to possess. Admittedly, what Canberra does not have is a high ratio of sophisticated bars, pubs and clubs with the majority of Canberra's drinking haunts being located in down-at-heel suburban wastelands with little in the way of decor. This, however, suits me fine and, I suspect, the majority of hard-drinking students.

The fact is that whilst Canberra possesses the usual examples of Sydney-style "bars" (The yuppie euphemism for a pub) with the stock standard maroon walls, uncomfortable chrome furniture and polished wood floors, it's in Canberra's many dives that the really

good action is to be found and the heart of Canberra revealed.

For the uninitiated, Canberra can seem to be a distinctly unyielding city. The streets are cold and often empty, the distances are huge for a place of only 300,000 people and the locals can often be unashamedly sarcastic — bitter and twisted after years of cold and bad public transport. The bars in Canberra can therefore be pretty tough places. Classic stories emerge out of Belconnen, Lyneham or Phillip and they can often be verified by simply paying a visit to one of the main haunts in the area. What Canberra's bars tell about its citizenry, however, cannot be beaten by a million visits to the Parliamentary triangle.

For those wishing to embark on a tour of Canberra's most hard-core pubs, I would suggest starting in relatively tame Civic and then moving north and southwards. No dodgy bar tour could ever be complete without a visit to Zorro's. Zorro's was once a byword for "under age heaven", but several

busts by the cops have turned the place into a strictly over 18 venue. The preferred music at Zorro's is deafeningly loud AC/DC, Metallica, Pantera or any other metal band that has virtually no musical credibility. Zorro's has a strictly "no quality" door rule, and once inside you will meet a catalogue of characters that can't help but remind one of the scene in the bar in *Star Wars* where Obi Wan cuts off the arm of the alien guy — except no one's wearing make up.

I'll never forget a school days incident in which a particularly drug-fucked acquaintance was allowing herself to be fingered by a dodgy booner guy right in front of my eyes. After a while, when it all became just a little bit too much for her, she proceeded to lean over and vomit about \$100 dollars worth of cheap beer onto the table we were sharing. This incident looked relatively savoury, however, when compared to an event that defined the dodgy reputation of Zorro's. A booner couple having a fight were having a particularly vocal break-up scene when the



(above) Patrons enjoy the tropical decor and cheap drinks at the South Pacific Rugby Club

man got up and started to stumble his way to the door. Not content to see her man go, his partner grabbed him around the waist, pulled down his pants and started to give him a blow job in full view of the drinking public. Much to the incredulity of the rest of the bar, and the indifference of the enormous bouncer, the couple were left to their passionate oral embrace whilst the man in question simply screamed "It's rape! It's rape!" and then started laughing.

The neighbouring Phoenix pub used to be my favourite high school hang out, but sleazy Irish odd bods with bad breath and walls covered in graffiti have instead been replaced by a vaguely "ye olde" decor and self-righteous student communists out to be seen as arty and alterna. For a real Canberra experience therefore one must head across the road to the trashy South Pacific Rugby Club.

Real membership to this place is now required, but for five bucks at the door (once only, so long as you don't lose your card) you get a Canberra drinking experience not to be forgotten. The managers of the place are Pacific Islanders so the theme is 'Pacific', with a map of the South Pacific on the back wall, various objects like tapa mats litter the decor and Samoan Lager is also served. The happy hour here used to be legendary. For some bizarre reason, until about six months ago, no one but alcoholics used to go and drink at the SPR — stunning when we consider that the drinks were \$1.30 all night. This place has been well and truly discovered now, however, so for a truly raw Canberra drinking experience one must be prepared to travel.

The Boardroom in Belconnen is your gate way to Northside fun. The Boardroom is one of Australia's most strangely schizophrenic bars. A public service pub by day, but by night the Boardie becomes Canberra's premier metal/punk venue. Why? Who the fuck knows. All I can say is that the Boardroom offers one of Canberra's classic nights out. Totally daggy decor, combined with uniquely Canberra bands and a whole bunch of College kids who have been hanging out in Belconnen mall all day is simply a recipe for fun.

Whilst the Boardie is one of Belco's pearls, in what is basically a garden of earthly delights for those who savour rough joints, it is the Las Vegas Pool Palace that is premier

amongst Northside dives. Along with Blind Beggars, that used to have actual mud wrestling, The Pool Palace is a monument to all that is Canberra and alcoholic.

My first impressions of this place were quickly formed when I arrived to see the bouncer grappling with an unfortunate member of the public on the ground outside the entrance. "Relax! Relax!" he repeated again and again whilst the unfortunate victim with a face the colour of an aneurism, flayed his arms and legs around like a fly on its back rasping through the bouncer's choker hold "Let go of me you cunt, I'm gonna fucken kill you".

"Looks good", we thought and headed up to the extremely large upstairs area that is Vegas Central. The decor in Vegas is not as unusual as that found in say, the SPR, but it does have some interesting features, such as the black shag-pile and vinyl bar, and thin strips of mirror and chrome on many surfaces. None of this mattered however when we discovered that beers were two for two dollars all goddamn night. Such value has no comparison.

Taking a seat by the window we watched the unfolding proceedings on the footpath. The police soon came and arrested the offending patron and after an escape attempt (it says something about Canberra's police force that seven cops could not contain a single pissed guy) they bundled him into the paddy wagon and were off. We only had to wait a couple of minutes however until the action began once again. Soon the staircase was transformed into a mini brawl as the steroid crazed bouncer dragged yet another patron out into the street by his neck. Keenly we watched, until my best friend decided that he ought to pour one of his cheap beers over the bouncer and the ejectee.

The following events were the logical consequence of his action. The massive bouncer obviously suffering from a combination of humiliation and steroid rage ran up the stairs and started yelling: "Who the fuck threw the fucken beer. 'Cause when I find them I'm gonna throw them through the fucken window!" Sitting next to an open window and having had all suggestions of leaving peacefully rejected by the shaved gorilla, I began to feel nervous. Then the Pool Palace gave us what can only be described as a Canberra miracle. An unidentified woman came screaming up the stairs, crash tackled



(above) Zorro's: used to be an under-age haven, now just another dodgy bar

another girl at the bar and, whilst attempting to rip her eyes, out began screaming "You fucken stupid slut, I'm gonna fucken kill you."

This was our cue. Grabbing our stuff we left fast, only to be confronted by the guy who had been earlier ejected and found himself a victim of my friend's beer attack. Luckily, however, the bouncer was soon to emerge with a screaming woman under each of his massive arms. They were then left to go for it in the car park whilst our beer moistened friend attempted to separate them because one was his girlfriend. Walking away to find a cab it didn't seem that life got much better.

So where do you go if you want alcohol-soaked action that is uniquely Canberra? My advice is to steer well clear of anything in Kingston and Manuka. I mean if Filthy McFadden's (one of the Kingston mainstays) was a grunge band it would be Bush. The place is lame. And the horrors of Manuka... Le Grange, The Ranch — shudder. I mean it's fine if you want to meet dickhead Grammar boys with pretensions to sophistication but frankly, why bother.

So for my money, fun central is in suburbia (apart from the previously mentioned haunts in Civic). Highly recommended include all places in Lyneham and surrounds. The Old Canberra Inn for instance is notorious for its blood and beer soaked karaoke

nights and places like the Chisholm Tavern, the Kaleen Sports Club and the Jamieson Inn have to be seen to be believed.

The Woden and Tuggeranong areas are actually not as straight out bad as many would expect. R&Bs in Phillip for instance is actually a really cool place even though it comes complete with questionable blues music, and the Contended Soul is actually quite a classy jazz affair for the slightly older crowd right in the beating heart of Woden.

Canberra's clubs are also particularly good value. Indeed, there are so many in Narrabundah that you could club crawl, join all the various ethnic clubs, still not spend much and get to see the world. The German Club is particularly popular amongst those students of Narrabundah College in need of a lunchtime beer, and the large Irish club in Wanniasa has enormous karaoke prizes and really dodgy clientele — one of the best. There are the infamous Tradesmen's clubs in Dickson (highly recommended) and Woden. With 24 hour service and more pokies than you can pokie a stick at, Tradies are for the desperate and the desperate at heart.

Canberra night life requires a healthy respect for dag. We might be the city with the world's highest number of PhDs per capita but quite frankly all that means nothing in the face of the Sodom and Gomorrah that is suburban Canberra's drinking scene.

# reviews

## music

★★★★

**HELLO HALO**

**Pollyanna**

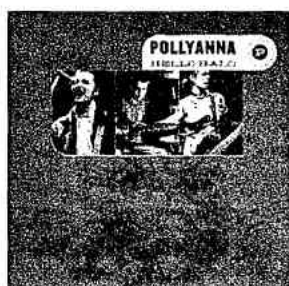
*Bark/Mushroom*

★★★★

**TANGERINE**

**Sidewinder**

*Half a cow/Mercury*



I was reading the Custard article in the latest *Rolling Stone*, in which guitarist Matthew Strong commented that during his trip to America (apart from seeing Jeff Buckley's last show... sob) all the bands he saw were shite, and that he kept thinking how good local bands are. Indeed. Enter Pollyanna, led by the wonderful Matt Handley, and Sidewinder, fronted by the Craft boys. Both basically guitar bands. Both with new albums, and both at that difficult stage in any little band's career, when you either start thinking with excitement about their future, or with nostalgia about their last record.



(above) 78 Saab might be as popular as Sidewinder one day

Pollyanna's new album, their second full-length one, is damn good. The band seem to have somehow found a voice on this record which is smoother and more polished, while losing none of their strength and fire. The first seven songs (what would have been Side One in the days when albums had sides) are absolutely flawless, with the singles "Peachy Keen" and "Effervescence" perfectly matched by songs like the sombre yet gorgeous "Cooling your heels", which has fine strings and an almost Welcome Mattish kind of melody.

This is the poppier Pollyanna, with Handley rarely reaching his trademark scream early on, but the songs rip along just the same, the harder edged ones jumping with the rhythmic energy and verve of "T-shirt tan" (off their debut album) rather than relying on sheer grunt and sludgy riffing.

The great thing about Pollyanna is that they have never been afraid to play hard and fast, yet still managed to find beautiful melodies in the midst of the blast. But on this record, there is an increasing sense of polarisation between pop and grunt, and (on what would be Side 2) there are a couple of moments when the gloriousness of the early songs isn't quite maintained, such as in "Pulling Teeth", where the horns (blown by the Porkers) kind of muddle up the Rocket from the Crypt-ish groove.

Even though these are slight gripes, you do wonder how Handley will go on to fuse hook and riff in the future, and feel that toward the end of the record that Pollyanna fall just short of true perfection. After all, they're not exactly doing anything very radical, and how many indie three-piece guitar bands do we need in this country anyway?

Sidewinder can proceed — they're a four-piece. Their new album is a big (really big!), spacey, trippy affair, best enjoyed loud, or even better, with headphones. Yep, as if the title of the first song ("The other side of light") wasn't a dead giveaway, the boys from Sidewinder have gone all psychedelic on us. And there they all are on the back cover with Sgt. Peppers mustaches and very intense looks.

Sidewinder have taken their rock thing (which I think they do rather well) and watched it expand and explode as they added weird noises, looped drums and crazy guitars all over the place. All this wouldn't work, of course, if the songs weren't strong, but with the Nick and Martin Craft at the helm, that is never a real concern. The pop gem "Here she comes again", which simply refuses to leave my head, and the harmonies and smatterings of eastern instrumentation throughout point toward the importance of late 60s Beatles to these boys, but with all due respect, Paul and John could never have written (or played) anything that careers all over the place like "Titanic Days". This is psychedelia updated. Huge beats, samples and some almost preposterously cocky riffs (which, amazingly, the band pulls off), combined with a few beautiful acoustic based tracks makes for quite a record when viewed as a whole.

But somehow it's Pollyanna who have won my heart. (What a difference half a star can make.) Sure they stick to their guitar based music, but Sidewinder aren't really breaking all the boundaries either, merely pulling music apart and sticking it back to-

gether their way. Very 90s. Pollyanna endure because Handley and co. open their hearts, and play with passion and emotion. Sidewinder leave me with the feeling that it's all a bit clever and trippily cerebral, almost as if they had sold their musical soul to the devil in exchange for some big beats and effects pedals. And while there's really nothing wrong with that (and, as usual, it probably reveals more about the reviewer than the albums themselves), I'm sure that, of the two, it's "Hello Halo" that I won't be able to live without.

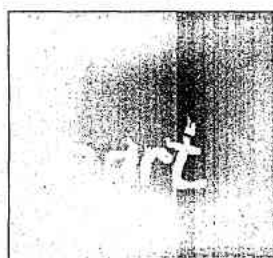
—PAUL H

★★★★★

**APART**

**The Apartments**

*Hot*



It's a funny old world. In France, Peter Milton Walsh is hailed as a genius. In his home country, a pair of empty youths collect a stack of awards and are lauded as *wunderkinder* and rumours of a Cold Chisel reformation are enough to turn the stock market bullish. In his home country Walsh and his project, The Apartments, are nearly unknown.

*Apart* is the fourth proper album for The Apartments. Fans of the first three might ask "What's this?" For a start, there's hardly any guitar. The rhythm section is far more prominent on the songs than before. There is an easy groooooove that is palpable on songs like the life-affirming "No Hurry", for instance. Strings and piano are a lot more important here. In addition to the songs, there are a couple of things that I wasn't prepared for. There are three instrumental fragments, sort of like cues for a film. Then there is "Welcome to Walsh World", apparently a Robert Lowell poem read by Dave Graney. Graney muses darkly about the human condition over a piano that rocks back and forth gently like the branches of a big pine tree in a stiff breeze.

My favourite thing here is "World of Liars" which has the intimacy, and the rueful beauty of confessing your folly over a quiet drink to your best friend. Just piano, some bongos, a bit of bass and Walsh's warm voice. It doesn't bring tears to my eyes, but a wry smile to my lips.

The prominence of the strings takes some getting used to. And the athleticism of the basses nods occasionally to jazz. So you want to know what the thing sounds like? The Blue Nile after lifting some weights?

Here's a better description: *Apart* is like swimming nude in the surf at dawn, best experienced quietly with a close friend.

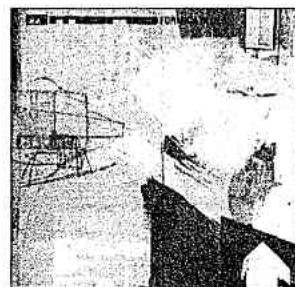
—NICK JEWELCHOW

★★★★

**FORMICA BLUES**

**Mono**

*company*



**F**ormica Blues is rhythmical, pounding and earthy album, tightly mixed and constructed. Originally titled, *Sophie Formica Blues*, the album is a peaceful protest of the removal of *Just Kidding* from prime time television. This element is apparent in the album, with the songs paralleling the original programme; repetitive, childish and anything but amusing. This however, is not necessarily a bad thing as the format works better on audio than video. The songs are catchy and the bass qualities run throughout the album. The songs are familiar, not exactly catchy, but do hold your attention. They are the sort of songs that you automatically turn up in the car and try to sing along with the words. Since you can't actually work out what the hell they are saying, it's like trying to sing *Carmina Burana*.

One of the most interesting tracks on the album is Penguin Freud. It crescendos a number times, constantly constructing and dismantling the additional tracks over the base line. The effect is fantastic but surely annoying the shit out of DJs as it is near impossible to tell when it is about to end.

The most outstanding quality of this album is certainly the female vocalist. She has a similar vocal range to Kylie Minogue, but has chosen to use her powers for good instead of evil. Her penetrating notes stay in your head long after the song is finished. I was originally quite skeptical of this album, but after listening through it a couple of times I am actually quite impressed with its quality. Mono are certainly talented, but have produced an album that is hardly challenging music. It will make good backing music for film studies students.

—NICK SHAW

## books

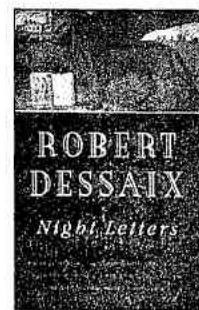
★★★★

**NIGHT LETTERS**

**Robert Dessaix**

*Picador*

\$16.95



**T**his is a strange and beautiful novel. The narrative occurs through the medium of twenty letters, written from Venice, by an Australian man who has contracted an ap-

parently incurable disease. Whoever he is writing to is never named. Part of the novel is about the narrator coming to terms with his own mortality, but in doing so his letters range across a cross-section of themes. Reminiscences about his experiences in Italy are juxtaposed with the stories of people he has met; he writes of the art he has seen, the writers he is reading, and their effect upon him. There is an odd addition to the narrative: the text is occasionally interrupted by a pedantic and frequently disapproving academic, the editor of the letters, who footnotes many of the writer's historical and artistic references.

At first, the contemplative, wandering style of the novel is a little disconcerting; I found myself alienated by the cultural and literary references, and wondering precisely what the point was supposed to be. But Dessaix's style envelops you, and once you sink into this novel, you become aware of something unusual and quite wonderful occurring.

The unhurried, personal nature of the letters lets Dessaix transfer the full experience of life, complete with mundanity, mystery, and inconclusiveness. The framing device of the footnotes, with their self-important academic precision, lets Dessaix highlight the fact that life is seldom, if ever, as neat or complete as a textbook would allow. *Night Letters* is ultimately a gentle but absolutely mesmerising affirmation of human possibilities.

—TOM ROBINSON

★★★★

**LEAVING EARLY: YOUTH SUICIDE**

**Bronwyn Donaghy**

**Harper Collins**

**\$16.95**

With more than 430 young Australians taking their own lives in 1995, the incidence of youth suicide in Australia is among the highest in the world. Unfortunately, this book offers few fresh insights. It covers the topics that one would expect to be covered in a book of this kind — presenting the statistics, offering perspectives on the circumstances faced by rural and indigenous youth and providing some analysis of youth depression — but its treatment of many of the issues is unsatisfying. Much of the book is devoted to reconstructing stories collected from friends and family members of young victims.

Properly used, this technique of giving people a voice can be a powerful tool, as was demonstrated by the recent Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission report on the stolen generation. The technique is considerably less effective here, perhaps because it has not been possible to include the real voices of the victims themselves. Each of the accounts of the people that remain are predictable and depressing, illustrating the concurrence of several obvious warning signs, but adding little to the book's message.

Donaghy confronts some of the myths surrounding youth suicide, among them, that people who talk or write about suicide are just looking for attention, that talking openly about suicide may make a person do it, and that nothing can be done to prevent

it. Her concern to debunk these myths is well-founded, however her dark description of them as "insidiously evil" gives the impression of a writer who is, at times, too close to her subject to provide a balanced account.

This is most notable in the author's treatment of drug issues. It is predictably easy for the author to lay blame on drugs, most notably marijuana, for youth suicide. Despite the enormous volume of debate on the real effects of marijuana use, the book's entire perspective is constructed around the expertise offered by a single psychophysicist and his extraordinary view that it is too late for "so-called harm minimisation" to work for the current generation of young people. Donaghy's statement that "if the pro-legalisation lobby succeeds in decriminalising marijuana use, it's inevitable that the incidence of drug-induced depression will become widespread in this country" is contradicted directly by Australian experience and is the sort of thoughtless reaction that more properly belongs in the editorial pages of the *Daily Telegraph*.

More helpfully, the book does include a listing of support organisations and contact telephone numbers for young people and their families who need assistance.

—ANDREW DEMPSTER

★★★

**W.B. YEATS; A LIFE**

**Stephen Cooze**

**Hodder and Stoughton**

**\$34.95**



This biography is a fascinating read for anyone who either enjoys Yeats' poetry, or just loves reading those long, involved, doorstopper type biographies. A genuine renaissance man, Yeats not only lived through turning points of Irish history, but was also himself a figurehead of the Irish literary revival, an individual of importance for the theatre as well as poetry.

Linking Yeats' poetry to his life, Cooze manages to relate themes within the poetry to both the time they were written, and incidents which he believes were their inspiration. In this manner, Yeats' poetry on fairies is related back to the small village where as a child, he spent many vacations. The area was known throughout Ireland as that with the highest density of spirits, and after seeing neighbours matter-of-factly leaving out saucers of milk for the sprites, Yeats went on to revive much Irish folklore in his rhythmic evocations of legends.

Like the best of biographers, Cooze plays to his audience. Amongst the gems of obscure knowledge, is the anecdote of how Yeats' grandfather — a benevolent gentleman — used to jangle his keys every time he was about to enter a room in which he

suspected there were servants in compromising positions. Yeats' odd spiritual beliefs are also examined, as in his conversations with a friend on philosophical issues such as 'what cosmic sounds make mushrooms grow.' Much is also made of his epic, if pathetic, love for Maud Gonne with whom he shared a 'psychic connection', which he thought should be physically consummated, but she believed too pure to corrupt.

But for all the bizarre details — which frankly are why I read biographies — this book is also a comprehensive portrait of a man who, as Eliot states for the dustcover, was 'one of those few whose history is the history of our own time.' Read this, and you come to understand not only the eccentric genius of Yeats and how his work relates to his life, but also Yeats' role in Irish history, as both poet and patriot.

—LYN KEMMIS

★★★★

**GREER: UNTAMED SHREW**

**Christine Wallace**

**Macmillan**

**\$34.95**

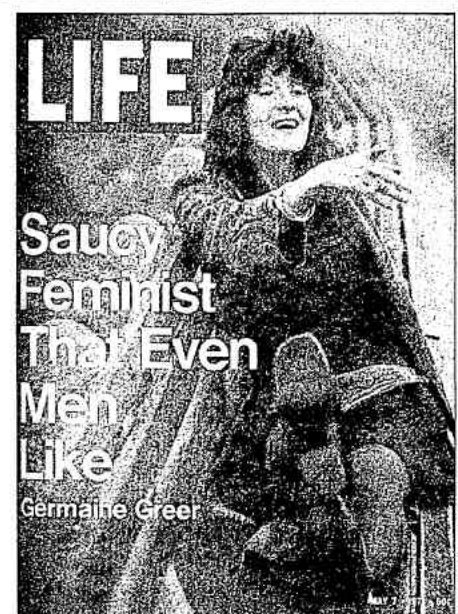


If describing someone as an enigma could ever be deemed a useful or accurate expression, then the person I'd nominate for the title would be Germaine Greer. Love her or hate her, her feminist works have deeply influenced modern thought. But despite the impact that she's obviously made, as a person she is more difficult to understand. In this book, Wallace attempts to explain how Greer developed as a person, how her books were inspired, and how the world coped with the kind of feminism which she represented.

This biography was written without Greer's approval. "Can't you wait until I'm dead?", she apparently asked another would-be biographer, and there are a few fairly bitter passages where Wallace reflects on Greer's rejection of public life. Frankly, some of these passages seem petty — in one, Greer's threat to take action is described in conjunction with a writer's car accident. Is Wallace suggesting that Greer employed hitmen? Who can say.

The first chapters which establish the formative influences in Greer's life, such as the loveless marriage of her parents and their preference for her siblings, are very enlightening. But Wallace continually contrasts Greer's recollections with contrasting views of her mother or contemporaries. Sometimes this is to great effect, as when Greer's account of her rape at a party, is later compared with the recollection of a male friend, who presents a different perception of events.

But often it is distracting or seems of little importance, and Wallace's continual use of the format "Germaine said this... but my star



(above) Germaine Greer: saucy feminist or just really weird?

witness said this" becomes less revelatory of Greer's perhaps selective memory, and more plain irritating.

Despite these reservations, this book is a solid read for anyone wishing to know more about one of the most notorious women of our own time. Wallace wrestles with conflicting accounts, and the dramatic developments in Greer's own ideology which occurred over time, and the resulting portrait, whilst not perfect, still substantially added to my own knowledge of Greer. This is a confronting book, and it helps its readers to realise the complexity of the woman who is either loved or loathed by feminists across the globe.

—LYN KEMMIS



★★★★

**DOING TIME FOR PATSY CLINE**

**Directed by Chris Kennedy**

**Electric Shadows**

**Rated M**

Ralph (Matt Day), is a country lad from an area of Australia that is dusty roads, large flat plains and sheep. He loves his guitar and country music, and farming is just not his topic of choice. So when mum and dad buy him a ticket to Nashville Tennessee to make a go of it, he mumbles something about putting the plane ticket money into the farm truck, his dad says, "Jesus, you even forget to feed the stock", and he just goes.

Eighteen and on the road, hitching a ride to Sydney to catch a plane. A green jag pulls up on the back roads with a tall city-slicker, Boyd (Richard Roxburgh), and his woman, Patsy Cline (Miranda Otto). From the word "hi", Patsy is bigger than your imagination, more woman than your country dreaming ever did and tacked on in the most unfair manner is an innocence you will dedicate your life to freeing.

Down the roads and out of time the three move with a life expectancy of the minute, each action a reaction and every thought a



(above) Miranda Otto is as pretty as she is annoying in *Doing Time for Patsy Cline*

move of the moment. Their dialogue and acting are just fantastic. Writer, producer and director Chris Kennedy has gone and created an Australian cinematic moment that people will want to see again. One that captures our sun, our humour and a passionate innocence that our country areas shall surely produce forever. The filming technique at times paints in large strokes, and then leans in to pinpoint the flare of the trios entangled lives.

*Doing Time for Patsy Cline* is a fun film to observe, a humorous *Midnight Cowboy* with its heart in all the right places and the unvoiced desperation of the young and innocent. Kennedy has created characters with cultural and world depth, ones that capture you and do not spill their stories easily. As each chalks their path around the others, weaving toward and away from a single purpose, the audience is delighted with humour, given time to learn its characters and carried high on a fantastic country music journey.

—ROBERT UMPHELBY

★★★★

**KISS OR KILL**

Directed by Bill Bennet

Screening at Electric Shadows

Rated M

**K**iss or Kill? Yawn or Thrill? Undoubtedly a thriller, and a fine one at that. In 1994 we saw two transvestites and a transsexual cruise across picturesque Australian landscapes, reworking the road film genre with a dash of camp. In 1997, director Bill Bennett (*Two if By Sea, Spider and Rose*) injects suspense back into the tarmac adventure.

In *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*, the camera panned unshamedly across the red soil of Big Oz to grab the attention of overseas audiences. An Australian film made with foreigners in mind. In contrast, the expressive faces on Frances O'Connor and Matt Day fill the frame of *Kiss or Kill*, a film driven

by the evolution of characterization in a forest of distrust. Sure, we have some sweeping glances at the Nullabor, but the plot contains enough twists to carry the film and hold the viewer's attention without relying on stunning cinematography. Nikki (Frances O'Connor) and Al (Matt Day) have accidentally killed a victim while attempting a con job. They flee west, pursued by the cops and Zipper Doyle, a famous retired footballer. Zipper has discovered a fetish for coaching the local boys football team — on and off the paddock. Unfortunately for Zip, Nik and Al have discovered a video which reveals the major highlights of his unsavoury hobby.

*Kiss or Kill* manages to mesh romance with suspense — Bonnie and Clyde Do Oz. The audience become privy to discoveries which Al and Nik make about each other, linking these with influential historical experiences which shape their current predicament. Unfortunately the boys in blue who join the chase are portrayed as LAPD clichés, a feature which tarnishes the unexpected storyline. Sure, their outfits have now scaled the dizzy heights of Lowes, but are all cops this crass? Nonetheless, the editors must have had a feast with this baby. The jump cuts are thick and fast, an appropriate trait for a storyline which is always weaving forwards. Did Bennett insist on a French New Wave film festival of Jean-Luc Goddard films in pre-production? Regardless, just avoid watching the trailers on television which depict one too many scenes from the film which may dampen the suspense. Close your eyes, stick fingers in your ears, and chant Nikki's opening line to this film: "I don't hate men, I just don't trust them."

—BEN PHELPS

★★★

**CONTACT**

Robert Zemeckis

Screening at Greater Union

Rated M

**T**he critic Roger Ebert noted that Kubrick's *2001* failed on a human level, but succeeded on a cosmic scale. *Contact* is just the opposite — the human relationships in the film work fine, but it almost totally lacks awe-inspiring moments (what some science fiction buffs call "sense of wonder").

We are left with

the story of Eleanor Arroway (Foster) and her lifelong obsession with the search for intelligence beyond Earth. Kicked off the SETI program due to funding cuts, she continues her search with backing from an eccentric billionaire (John Hurt in a typically excellent performance).

Arroway eventually detects a radio transmission from the star Vega, which includes plans for some sort of machine. Arroway leads the cause for going ahead with the plans and building the machine in the face of opposition from religious zealots and a sceptical White House aide (James Woods).

*Contact* is certainly an intelligent film; you'll still respect yourself in the morning for going to see it. It's also mostly well-crafted and acted (with the exception of the miscast Matthew McConaughey as Foster's love interest). However, it's basically an intellectual exercise and never really emotionally engaging (although certainly more so than *2001*, and not as hamfistedly melodramatic as director Zemeckis's *Forrest Gump*). It's scientifically accurate as far as it goes, which should please the geeks, and more or less faithful to Sagan's book, although it would perhaps have been better if it included the novel's final scene.

As it is, if you want a "sense of wonder", see *2001*, *Repo Man*, or even the recent *Event Horizon*, which has a couple of good *Hellraiser*-style *frissons*.

—ROBIN SHORTT

★★★★

**MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING**

Directed by P.J. Hogan

Screening at Greater Union

Rated PG

**A**t the end of this film I was amazed by what a good director can do for a "has-been" actress and an existing film genre. This film has been labelled a romantic comedy, although the director insists it is a musical. Seeing as I hate musicals let's call it a romantic comedy with a twist.

The story is about Roberts who receives a phone call late one night from her best friend: he is getting married. Unhappy with this shift in their relationship (she thought



(above) Thankfully, Jodie Foster did not write or direct *Contact*

that she would always be the only one for him), Roberts realises that she has only four days to break-up the impending wedding and take back the man that she is now certain she loves. The result is not exactly what you expect and Hogan's down to earth approach to love and life is clear at all levels of the film. This realism allows us to see just how well Roberts can act.

Love and friendship lead to complex situations, and Hogan challenges our Hollywood conceptions of love, friendship and romance. "The reality", he says, "is drastically different." I agree.

But at the same time he does not preach to us, and there is never a moment in the film that is left without comic content, never a moment during which we are left alone to consider its message. Though at the end we can consider it, and it is that love and romance are never easy, however often we are fooled into thinking they are. No doubt that is why so many of us like this genre.

At a poignant moment in the film we are told "that this too will end". Life's "lightness", in Nietzsche's phrase, is all too apparent in this film. Love is a thing that one can have and lose so very easily. It is an idea that seems like a contradiction in this genre but one that Hogan utilises very well.

Hogan uses a variety of shots in this film — extreme close-ups, long-shots, high-angle shots — and this, together with his exact use of cutting the camera, is used to maximum effect. He emphasises all the important moments for us, and gives us a film where we can sit back and enjoy the ride,

but leave and still feel challenged.

—NATHAN BACKHOUSE



(left) *Kiss or Kill*: don't see it on a first date



# smash hits

## book

### Possession

**P**ossession is the English Literature Nerd's novel. Having studied English for a couple of years, I got most of the nerdy English lit humour, which made me feel rather clever and pleased with myself.

Possession tells two interconnected love stories. One is the modern day tale of down-trodden research assistant, Roland Mitchell, who discovers an old love letter of a Victorian poet which leads him on a journey of discovery.

He is aided in his search by the beautiful but cold Maud Bailey, a feminist theorist. The other story is of the poet, Randolph Henry Ash, and his lover, also a poet, Christabel LaMotte.

Both love stories are movingly told. I admit to being a fan of the Roland and Maud relationship, in which a couple of slightly jaded postmodernist academics find love with each other, even though they know damn well that love is a social construct. "He slept curled against her back, a dark comma against her pale elegant phrase".

As much as *Possession* is a romance, it is also a satire on the business of English academia. The novel is peopled with slightly larger than life characters such as Leonora Stern, a feminist academic whose critical method is to reduce the meaning of texts to their sexual implications.

The novel has a tremendous sense of atmosphere. Byatt faithfully creates an entire anthology of Ash's and La Motte's poetry and letters, all cleverly written in a Victorian verse and prose. The modern day stories are immersed in the language of late eighties literary criticism, and there are some wickedly clever pastiches of journal articles and other academic writings in the text.

I now have reading this novel down to a fine art. Even though I too am a jaded postmodernist, I still believe in romance.

—MARY COLLECTOR



(above) A S Byatt's *Possession* won the Booker prize for 1990 — must be OK

## album

### The Queen Is Dead

**W**hen your Editor begs you to do a retro music review, it's a sign you're getting old. Having thus been accorded Old Fart status, I feel duty bound to grumble "It was better when I was a lad".

And it was. It's now a decade since The Smiths split and there hasn't been a band like them since.

What was it about The Smiths that sets them apart? Ask any Smiths fan and you'll get a different answer. For me, it's this simple and this complicated. They spoke to me like nobody had ever managed. It was as if Morrissey had cracked open my teenage hermit skull and peered inside. Nobody else could make personal inadequacy look cool. Somehow thousands of odd teenagers began to feel acceptable among human beings. It was OK to be weird.

*The Queen Is Dead* was the Smiths' zenith. The first single (here, at least) was "Bigmouth Strikes Again", frenetic with Morrissey entering damage control and recognising his culpability but singing "I've got no right to take my place with the human race" like he's looking forward to being a pariah.

"There is a Light That Never Goes Out" is like a puppy which you can't help but pick up and hug, and it repays you by licking your face and following you about for the rest of your life. (Conveniently, I was reading *Gatsby* for the HSC at the time. No, my dream didn't come true either, but I got out alive.)

You'll never hear anything as plaintive or as earnest as "The Boy With the Thorn in His Side". Johnny Marr's guitar rings out like a thousand bells and Moz yodels he gets so overwhelmed by the moment.

Of course, history shows that The Smiths burned bright as magnesium in a chemistry lab (I'm trying to get as many Year 12 allusions in as I can; can I make any more than two? Probably not; 3 Unit maths and economics look pretty dull in hindsight.) and then fizzed out, leaving us with a few cracking albums, and themselves with acrimony and litigation.

Neither Marr nor Moz have managed to do consistently good work in the time since. After one terrific solo album, Morrissey descended into self-parody. I think Sean Hughes said it best when he observed that everyone outgrows their Morrissey phase except Morrissey.

Rock has not outgrown its Smiths phase either. If Morrissey and the Smiths are so unfashionable now, why has every new band to come out of England in the last 10 years been measured (these days implicitly) against the Smiths?

The Smiths set a benchmark that will not be reached again. Thankfully, they hate each other so much now that a reformation is out of the question.

Moz was right. There is indeed a light that never goes out.

—NICK JEWELCHOW

## movie

### Cry Baby

**"**To me, bad taste is what entertainment is all about. If someone vomits watching one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation. But one must remember that there is such a thing as good bad taste and bad bad taste." John Waters, director of this 1990 movie and criminally overlooked master of tasteless cinema, is probably most familiar to many of us for playing John, the gay knick-knack shop owner in *The Simpsons* — basically, himself. "And that's where Lupe Velez bought the toilet she drowned in..."

***Pink Flamingos*, about a husband and wife who kidnap hippy girls and have their butler rape them with a syringe so when the girls die in childbirth they can sell the babies to lesbian couples, is probably Waters' career topper.**

Waters' early films in the '60s and '70s followed in the footsteps of Russ Meyer, Herschell Gordon Lewis et al in their brilliant treatment of the grotesque, kitsch and downright revolting. *Pink Flamingos* (1972), about a husband and wife who kidnap hippy girls and have their butler rape them with a syringe so when the girls die in childbirth they can sell the babies to lesbian couples (not to mention the finale when a 300 pound transvestite eats dogshit — for real) is probably Waters' career topper. Since the '70s, he has — more or less — incorporated himself into mainstream cinema, although only just.

*Cry Baby* is probably his most mainstream film yet, and while it suffers from having no really offensive moments (Waters would bounce back with 1994's *Serial Mom*) it's still a masterpiece of kitsch, and definitely a weird experience for fans of Johnny Depp's usual films. Basically, it's a '50s juvenile-delinquent musical, set in Baltimore (where Waters grew up and where all his films are set). Johnny Depp is JD Cry-Baby, whose "drape" gang is at war with the clean-cut "squares". Cry-Baby falls in love with Allison (Amy Locane), a girl from the other side of the tracks, is sent to prison for it, and so forth.

*Cry Baby* works as lukewarm parody of a '50s exploitation movie, but is really notable for the unmistakable Waters touches. The production design is kitsch of the first order, and the cast loaded with every example of lowest-common-denominator pop culture you can think of (Ricki Lake, Traci Lords and Patty Hearst all show up, as do Iggy Pop and Susan Tyrell as Depp's crazy hillbilly grandparents — "you sure look pretty in them tight clothes, all painted up like trash!")

Not Waters' best effort, but a real change of pace for Depp after *21 Jump Street* and *Platoon*. It broke him out of the "hunk" mould and paved the way for *Dead Man* and *Ed Wood*, which should count for something.

—ROBIN SHORTT



(above) Johnny Depp does his best Marlon Brando impression for the cameras

## tv show

### Mr Squiggle

**T**he last retro page for 1997, I really wanted to find that definitive show, the one that wraps up all that is retro in one perfect half hour. Unfortunately I couldn't remember any of the Henderson Kids' names. So I hung my head, my dangly earrings bouncing with shame, and decided to take us back to where it all began. Yes, to the man from the Moon, Mr Squiggle himself. Ignoring that his spaceship should have burnt up on re-entry, and how can someone with a pencil for a nose breathe anyway, we loved Mr Squiggle. We were enchanted by the way any amazing squiggle could be transferred, with charm, into a yoyo. An upside down yoyo of course. And this amazing feat was accomplished under immense pressure from an irritable Mr "Hurry up" Blackboard. Oh how I longed for the days when the blackboard in my classroom would jump off the wall and tell my primary school teacher to hurry up, or even eat her. Then maybe the horrible bag would be replaced with someone like that lovely lady who held Mr Squiggle's hand as he created his masterpieces. My god she had great hair.

But what I actually wanted, as I suspect many of you did too, was to be like Gus. Not that the idea of being a snail appealed to me, but the joy of having my own TV to take with me everywhere, and to watch whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted. The 80s truly had me in their materialistic grip. The other great thing about Gus was that he didn't take no crap from anybody, he even made Oscar the Grouch look like a well rounded individual. Heaps better than goody-goody Bill the Steamshovel. Sure he was nice and everything, but he had no backbone, no direction, and he billowed smoke. A bad example for our young impressionable minds.

It was Mr Squiggle who taught us all we needed to know; the virtues of pink cardboard and having tea with our doormat. As we slip further away from that decade that was retro I urge you not to forget those days that welcomed us into society, the boofy hair, the dodgy effects. Mr Squiggle was just one of those fine upstanding cornerstones of that society and, along with Dundermouse, he should be treasured as such.

—ROSLYN DUNDAS

# FLiPSiDE

as you walk on by

profile

## Mal: content

In the late 80s and early 90s, Mal Meninga was the undoubted God of Canberra and arguably the biggest (both literally as well as metaphorically) Rugby League player in the world. His face was on Action buses and his fame reached a peak with the back-to-back Raiders grand final wins of '89 and '90. He topped it off by leading the Raiders to yet another premiership victory in 1994. He holds the record as the largest point scorer in tests, State of Origin and for Canberra. He is as much a Canberra fixture as Parliament House, Lake Burley Griffin or the Civic Clock — and he wasn't even born here. TANYA HAYES talks to Big Mal about life as the new Canberra coach, Super League and "Chicken George".

**First of all, I really have to know, is it true you can get free drinks anywhere in Canberra?**

It used to be true but not anymore. I'm a coach now so I don't go out all that often. But it was pretty good when I was a player, particularly when you win grand finals, you hear a lot of stories about walking into a bar and there's free drinks and then when you walk outside there's a free cab waiting to take you to the next bar.

**So you find you have to cough up for your pay TV these days?**

(Laughs) Actually I don't have pay TV yet. I'm working on that one.

**Why exactly do HG and Roy call you 'Chicken George'?**

Ah, it goes back a long way to when I first started playing Rugby League, and a good friend of mine, or rather a sort of friend, picked it. Basically with sporting organisations when a new bloke joins the club its tradition to give him a nickname as soon as possible, kind of like an initiation. They call me Chicken George because I have a fetish for chicken,

it's my favourite food, and its actually a character out of the series *Roots*. This old bloke used to ride around in a horse and cart with a chicken on his shoulder all the time, so I guess it was because of my fetish for chicken and I suppose my colour. I have good roots. **HG and Roy are renowned for their commentary on Australian Sports, but what do you think is the greatest moment in Australian sporting history?**

Jeez, that's a tough question... America's Cup. I remember being in a bar up in Brisbane and the whole focus of the night was staying up watching the America's Cup, making sure we won it and celebrating. It was the first time in 100 years they'd lost it and we took it away. But there's a lot of good sporting moments; Keiran Perkins, at the last Olympic Games in Atlanta against all odds, that brought a tear to my eye. Patrick Rafter at the US Open just recently, I thought that was great. Because of the tall poppy syndrome in Australia I tend to sup-

port the guys that are on top because its a lot easier to fall off the higher you go. The guys that maintain that profile at a high level for such a long time deserve their accolades. Team sport for me you know, its great but to achieve personally against all odds, having noone assisting you... I guess individual sports are a lot harder than team sports.

**You've been a police officer, played first grade football, would you ever consider running for local government?**

Nah, doesn't pay well enough. I'm very happy because I chose a career in Rugby League and I'm very fortunate to be able to continue with it through coaching and hopefully once my coaching years are finished I can continue through the administration side. I think I have a career in the game and well, it pays well, and I think you'd have better job security than a politician anyway.

**So you wouldn't vote for Paul Osbourne then?**

I'm not in his electorate so you can't get me on that one.

**Tell me all about the ARL/Superleague divide.**

I really believe its something that had to happen in the game, it had come to a standstill and I felt that the administration in 1994 when I retired had brought the game up to a certain level but they couldn't get beyond that. From my point of view, Rugby League is not universally known like, say, Rugby Union or soccer and I think its a game that can be. I felt they weren't doing enough and that it was time for a change to give the game a better profile. Obviously the game has suffered a bit over the past few years and it's time to put it back together again. It's a lesson that's been hard learnt but well learnt and I believe when the game gets back together which will hopefully be next year, that it will progress and go to even greater heights.

**Speaking of News Limited, if Rupert asked you to give Lachie a run in the front row, would you drop Hetherington?**

(laughs) No definitely not, it's all about winning. Lachlan being a good fellow is great but I'm not sure what his Rugby League

**"I have a fetish for chicken"**



(above) The face that launched a thousand buses — Big Mal in full flight

proh is like. I'd be really happy if he kept on sponsoring us.

**So he's not front row material?**

No, maybe a hooker.

**Can you see yourself ever having an opportunity to swap coaching tips with Ekert Arbeit?**

Australian sport has been relatively drug free, Rugby League in particular. We have a proud record at the Raiders of having no drug problems. But I guess I wouldn't mind talking to him about technique, he is an athletic coach and we're also athletes as well to a certain extent, eventhough we get knocked around a bit but ah he might be useful. Actually I want to stay out of those issues because they can be a little bit controversial.

**I've heard you are a shareholder at Deakin Health Spa, do you ever try to sneak into the ladies section?**

That's the reason you go to the gym isn't it? **Actually, I don't go near those places so you'll have to tell me.**

Well its a social thing, the women go to the gym to watch the males and the males go to watch the females. I think you get inspiration from that, you work a little bit harder. So gyms are for showing off, not to get fit? Well that too, and they're a meeting place.

**Better than the supermarket then?**

I don't know I don't go to the supermarket. I don't shop.

**Who does your shopping?**

My wife.

**I have to ask, was your decision to promote Laurie Daley to captain based on a thorough examination of his groin?**

(Laughs) Most females would like that I suppose, how about yourself? If I asked Laurie to come up would you inspect his groin?

**Mal, I'm not sure if that's an offer, threat or a promise**

I dunno, I'm asking you the question.

**You can't answer a question with a question that's not fair.**

Okay then, Laurie's groin is fine and I think it will hold up well.

**Have you ever taken a ride in the Action 'Farewell Mal Meninga' Bus?**

I have actually, embarassingly so.

**If you ever went back into the police force, would you pull the 'Farewell Mal' bus over if it was speeding?**

Being the honest upstanding citizen I am and the righteous policeman I would be, I think I probably would.

**You're only saying that because you under the mistaken belief that someone who cares might read our uni paper.**

Well, I have a theory about the media, you see from my perspective, I can't tell them too much because they always elaborate on what you say anyway.

m a l m e n i n g a

**Next issue:**

Brendan and Katie take over as editors-in-chief for 1998. Watch the office romances hot up and the quality of the paper slide.



(above) Brendan Shanahan commits Jeff Buckley copy-cat suicide after the Socialist Workers criticise his latest article in *The Australian*

**footnotes**

# What we really really want

For the Spice Girls, success is spelt with a three letter word: S-E-X. True, they may not be the most attractive women on the planet but with less than two years on the music scene they already have the world screaming their new post-feminist anthem "Girl Power!". Last semester, while researching a Women's Studies essay on the Spice Girls — no bullshit — the sex factor of the Spice Girls was made abundantly clear to me. Whilst researching the Spice Girls on the Internet (they are one of the five most searched topics on the World Wide Web) I discovered Spice Chat, a chat club for the world's hordes of Spice Girl's fans. What I found at Spice Chat was over 300 thirteen to eighteen year old boys screaming at the top of their keyboards "I want to fuck [insert Spice Girl here]!"

It was then I cracked upon one of the reasons the Spice Girls are so popular amongst these vast numbers of teenage boys, each Spice Girl represents a different type of sexual fantasy. So, now for your reading pleasure I present my own theories on each Spice Girl and the sexual fantasy they represent.

**Scary Spice**

Scary Spice is the most ambiguous of the Spice Girls in regards to sexual fantasy, as she does in fact cover two distinctly different sexual fantasies. Scary Spice with her pierced tongue and powerful personality appeals to the S&M/Dominatrix fantasy. The man who fantasises about Scary Spice wants to be controlled, a subject of "Girl Power!". Scary Spice is also called by many, Token Black Spice. She is the only member of the group with an exotic appeal, so in the end the man who fantasises about Scary Spice wants a exotic dominatrix in their life — mmm, maybe she should have been called Kinky Spice.

**Posh Spice**

Posh Spice appeals to the "Rich Bitch" fantasy many men have. She is the object of a class struggle, the girl we raise on a pedestal so we can worship her and see up her dress. Posh Spice is the type of girl who was deemed out of reach in so many American Holiday Camp films like *Camp T & A* because she wouldn't even look twice at the



(above) Grrrrl Power: the latest Spice Girls take-off is this poster which, perhaps disturbingly, has been used by British bank TSB to encourage young people to open accounts with them

guys from the working class camp. The man who fantasises about Posh Spice not only wants to get their grubby little hands on her firm body but her money as well.

**Sporty Spice**

One of the more obvious in regards to her sexual appeal. Sporty Spice was the one who did those amazing flying leaps and gymnastic moves in the Spice Girls video clips. Sporty Spice appeals sexually to the fellow who wants a fit, energetic and healthy young woman.

Although judged by many fans as the loser in the looks department, Sporty Spice is also the most respected of the Spice Girls since she is the only one who can actually sing.

**Ginger Spice**

Ginger Spice is often considered the sexiest of the Spice Girls, and not only because of those old "Glamour model" shots. Ginger Spice is unafraid of her sex appeal and is often quite open about it. Open to the point where at this year's British Music Awards while celebrating an award win Ginger Spice put herself in the open out of her incredibly tight dress. It is her simple open sex appeal that makes men fantasise about her, that or her very large breasts.

**Baby Spice**

Baby Spice has the whole Girl-Next-Door thing going for her — she looks as cute as a button, completely huggable and has beautiful blue eyes. Hard to believe that she shocked the world when she proclaimed earlier this year, "I don't want to be a cutie, I want to be a hot sexy bitch!" Men who fantasise about Baby Spice want the innocent girl on the surface who is a raging inferno of lust underneath. After all Baby Spice was the one who seductively sang to the camera in the "2 Become 1" video clip, "Be a little bit wiser baby. Put it on! Put it on!"

With a new album and movie on the way, both entitled *Spice World*, who knows what the future holds for the Spice Girls. In Australia they're popular, in America they're successful, in Europe and England they're bigger than Jesus. If God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit form the Holy Trinity, then Ginger, Baby, Posh, Scary and Sporty Spice form the musical equivalent of the Holy Quintet. They could start their own religion tomorrow and maybe in two thousand years we will see their images immersed in urine. Good or bad is up to you to decide.

—ADAM SOMES

**classifieds**

**Accommodation information:** on the world wide web. University Accommodation Services maintains a list of accommodation wanted and available on the WWW: <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing.accom.html>.  
**Therapeutic massage:** Do you have a headache or sore muscles? Are you stressed? You need a therapeutic massage. \$25 for one hour, call Leandra on 288 8868.  
**Yoga:** Canberra School of Art Lecture Theatre. Recommencing Tuesdays 12-1pm. Cost \$4. Please bring mat/blanket. Enquires: Cecile Hopper 2573596.  
**Meditation Sahaja Yoga:** Every Wednesday 12 noon. Off the lounge, university union above the stream. No charge.  
**Volunteers required:** for the new Wilderness Shop, for a couple of hours

or a couple of days each week. Call the Wilderness Society ph 6257 5122.  
**Haircuts:** to all students and staff of the ANU. \$12 mens cut and \$15 ladies cut. Please phone Karina on 6230 1624 for your appointment.  
**For sale:** Ford Laser GL 85, yellow hatch manual, reg. 7/98 good condition, only \$3850 ph 6285 4368.  
**For sale:** IBM computer 486DX2/66, 8Mb RAM 575Mb HDD, Windows 95. Office 95 installed, with desk and modem, only \$435. ph 6285 4368  
**For sale:** colour T.V. 48cm, General, 5 stations, good condition, \$120. ph 6251 4564.  
**For sale:** Boardgame "Bedbugs". Several bugs missing, but still vibrates. \$25 or near offer. Phone Gerard on 6248 7567 after 8pm.  
**For sale:** Musical instruments —

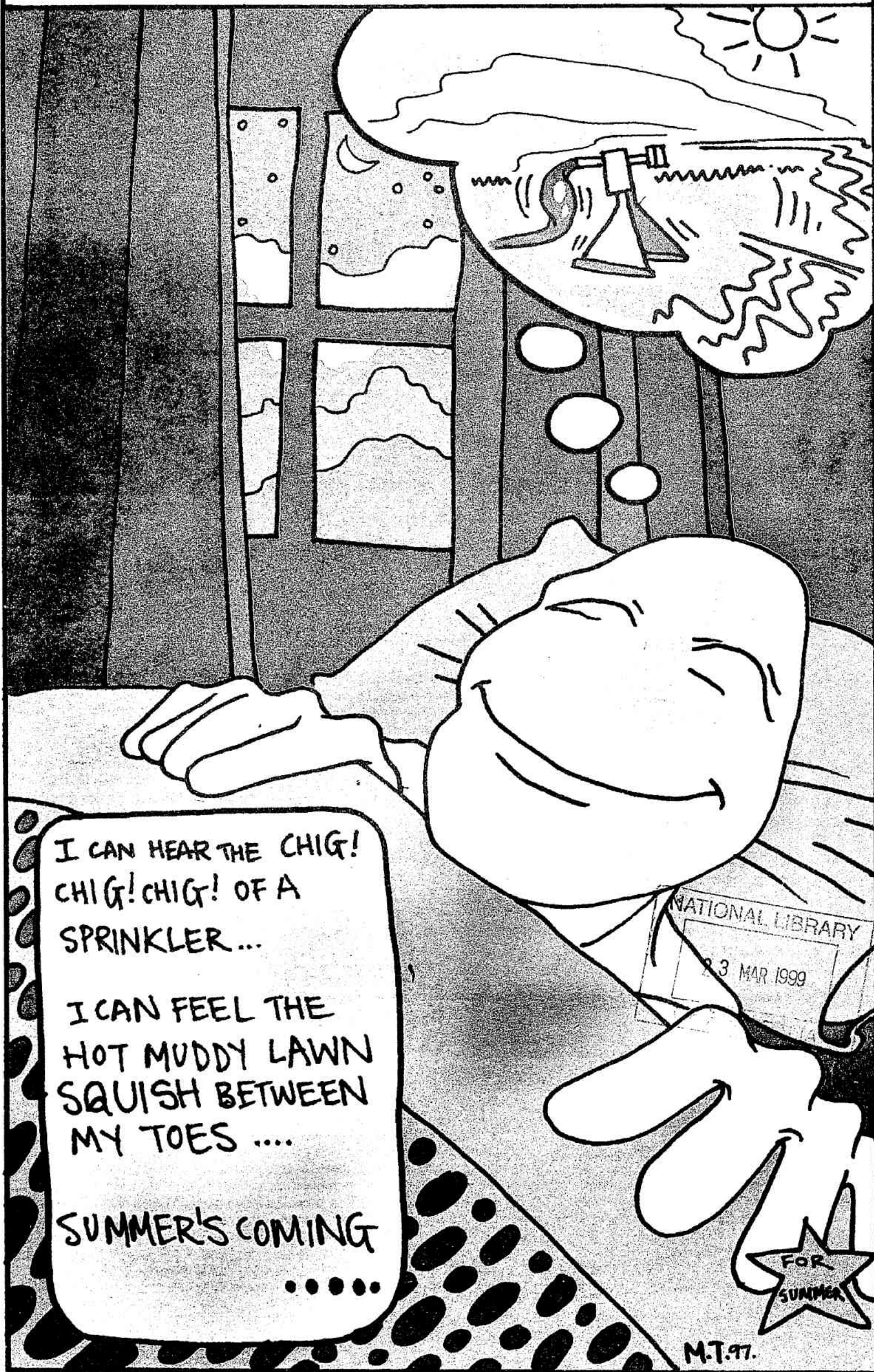
Synthesiser, Roland JX-3P programmable Preset Polyphonic \$70, Symbol, Zildjian \$300, Hi-hat, Paiste 2000 Top heavy \$200, small drum kit (2 pieces) Boss BP-I \$80, drum sticks (2 pairs) @ \$10, electronic drum kit, roland Pad-MIDI interface PM-16 (full kit) \$2,599. Bass guitar ESP \$780. All 95% new, prices negotiable, ph 0412033100.  
**For sale:** single bed \$65, folding single bed \$55, vacuum cleaner \$30, chest of drawers \$25, white desk \$25, 4 chairs \$6. ph 6251 4564.  
**For sale:** household items including: pine double bed with foam mattress \$170, bedside lamp \$15, GE fridge/freezer \$360, Sharpe TV \$250, Sharp personal stereo player with CD player \$220, small vacuum cleaner \$130, pine student desk \$180, ladies bike

\$130, Macintosh SE computer with laser printer \$550. All prices negotiable. ph 6295 8308 (h), 6273 2577 (w), ask for Jenni in staffing section.  
**For sale:** Indonesian blue/white ikat reversible jacket size 12. Pure cotton \$30. Call Tina, Asian Studies annexe 8853 or 62862438 (h).  
**For sale:** Innovations Kegelsator. Once only used. Recommended price \$119, will sell \$95.  
**Attention ladies:** Is it that time of the year? Do you need someone, but not to be attached to? Handsome and discreet. Free. Genuine. Phone 0412164361.  
**For sale:** Ericsson mobile phone. Unwanted prize. Never been used. Value \$550, will sell \$400. No call plan, just handset, recharger etc. Phone Brendan on 6248 7569.

**For sale:** Striking cat table. Impress your friends with this patio showpiece. Adjustable tail. \$95 or near offer. Phone 6249 6332 during office hours.  
**Wanted to buy:** Apple Macintosh stylister. Working condition. Will pay any reasonable price. Phone 6267 4822.  
**Wanted:** Jock Weeldon's hot possessions, stolen from plush car. Phone 014 914568.  
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SPRINKLER ...

I CAN FEEL THE  
HOT MUDDY LAWN  
SQUISH BETWEEN  
MY TOES ....

SUMMER'S COMING  
.....

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